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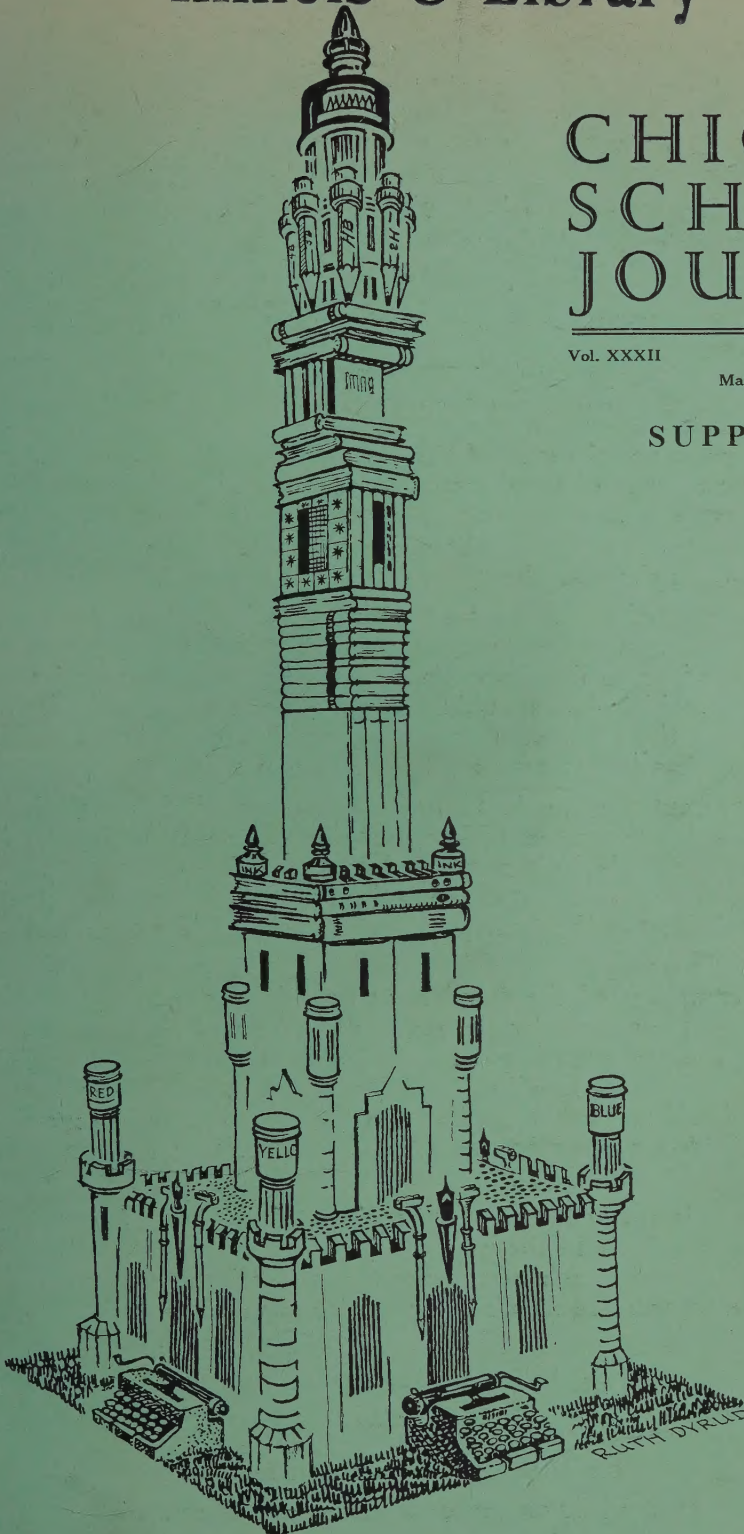
# CHICAGO SCHOOLS JOURNAL

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SUPPLEMENT



Chicagoland  
Authors & Illustrators of Children's Literature

Louise M. Jacobs  
& Mabel Thorn Lulu

CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE

# CHICAGO SCHOOLS JOURNAL

*An Educational Magazine for Chicago Teachers*

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## FOREWORD

Two years ago the staff of the CHICAGO SCHOOLS JOURNAL began publishing a series of supplements on teaching aids in various fields. Special issues have been devoted to science, mathematics, and the social studies. Another in the series was concerned with developmental values through library books.

The scope of the present supplement is indicated by its title. Chicagoland writers have played a notably important role in the emergence of a new literature for children, and it is appropriate that a Chicago publication should give a systematic account of these authors and their works. A careful check has shown that nothing of this sort has been attempted before in this area.

An attempt was made to include authors of children's books who did their work in the Chicago area in the recent decade. A few who were approached did not respond; a very few who were sought could not be located. Most of the authors wrote their own biographies in either the first or third person; this fact accounts for the refreshing variety of style.

The compilers of the supplement gratefully acknowledge assistance given the project by the many publishers of children's books. Colleagues on the staff of the Chicago Teachers College — Miss Eloise Rue, Miss Elizabeth J. Wilson, and Mr. Coleman Hewitt — were also very helpful. Most valuable of all was the aid given by two members of the Children's Reading Round Table, Mrs. Lucile Pannell and Mrs. Emily M. Hilsabeck.

Chicago is justly proud of its authors of children's books, from Eugene Field down to the present. This guide should give to both teachers and librarians new and useful insights into the personalities who have contributed to a significant literary movement.

RAYMOND M. COOK, Editor  
Dean, Chicago Teachers College

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COVER DESIGN BY RUTH M. DYRUD

DEPARTMENT OF ART, CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE







PAULINE BATCHELDER ADAMS, who lived during her girlhood in the suburbs north of Chicago, attended the Chicago Public Schools, including the Lake View High School. From early childhood her great interest was in painting and drawing, and after she was graduated from high school she entered the Chicago Art Institute to study steadily for several years. After receiving her diploma she returned periodically to take special courses. Upon leaving school she first designed greeting cards and then illustrated several children's books for the Reilly and Lee Publishing Company of Chicago. The ensuing years held a pleasant balance of work and of pleasure, with some time given to additional study. In 1921 she was married to Clarence W. Adams of Evanston, Illinois, where they have continued to live. Mrs. Adams is well known for her textbook illustrations, many of them made for Scott, Foresman and Company of Chicago and for the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company of Indianapolis.

She is known especially for her drawings and paintings, in delightful color, of children and animals, as well as for cover designs. In 1945, after working for several years for the Red Cross, she again took up illustrative work, this time almost exclusively in the trade-book field, first for the Childrens Press of Chicago and more recently for John Martin's House of Kenosha, Wisconsin. Mrs. Adams' father was the late Charles F. Batchelder who, in a varied newspaper career, was cartoonist and art director for the *Chicago Daily News* for a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. Adams have one daughter, Mrs. Thomas A. Wallace, who, with her husband and family, lives in California.



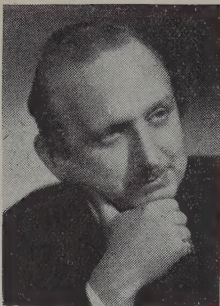
GLADYS L. ADSHEAD — Born in England and educated there through college, I came to the U. S. A. in 1921. I organized the first open-air nursery school in Baltimore, Maryland; told stories in Baltimore public libraries and for the Children's Bookshop; became first grade teacher, then second, with supervision of first at the Park School of Baltimore, the pioneer "progressive" school; and was demonstration teacher at Wellesley College summer school. I travelled in Great Britain, France, and Switzerland. I became teacher of an experimental group of five-year-olds at the Beaver School of Boston and later head of the lower school at the Buckingham School of Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1943, I became Head of the Lower School of the North Shore Country Day School of Winnetka, Illinois, and in 1949 became headmistress of the Charles River School of Dover, Massachusetts. The highlight of 1943 was the purchase of an 150-year-old house with its fifteen acres, two brooks and brown trout, deer, foxes, porcupines, wildcats, skunks, and other fascinating inhabitants. In 1944 Elizabeth Orton Jones came to visit me in my old house and

bought the farm and its twenty acres "next door." Otherwise my life is excessively busy but not unusually eventful. I have crossed the Atlantic nineteen times and hope to make my twenty and twenty-first trips this summer.



DOROTHY ALDIS — I attended school in Farmington, Connecticut; went to Smith College for one year; worked on the *Record Herald* in Chicago for a year or so and for about the same amount of time in the advertising department of Marshall Field and Company. I married and had four children in four years — the last were twins. I did a column for the *Daily News* for a short while; have written sixteen books, four of them novels; and have also written a number of short stories for popular magazines, such as the *Ladies Home Journal*. Some of my verses have appeared in the *New Yorker*; *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*; and the *Ladies Home Journal*. I do some lecturing for women's clubs. I have one grandchild. My latest book, *Lucky Year*, is a Junior Literary Guild selection.





BEN ARONIN, born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, has always been interested in youth and has spent twenty years working with boys clubs in the United States. He attended Crane College in Chicago and The University of Chicago; in 1924 he received the LL.B. degree from the Kent College of Law. Although a practicing lawyer, he still finds time to write. He is also recording artist for Mercury Record Corporation, founder and director of the Pargod Dramatic Society, program consultant for the United Synagogue of America, youth advisor of the Chicago Board of Jewish Education, member of the faculty of the College of Jewish Studies, and director of extension activities of the Anshe Emet Synagogue. His *Epic of Mid America*, 1951, a revue celebrating the Centennial of the Illinois Central Road, has recently been made into a motion picture.



BERNARDINE FREEMAN BAILEY, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. O. Freeman, was born in Mattoon, Illinois. She was graduated from Mattoon High School, received a B.A. degree from Wellesley College, where she majored in music, and an M.A. degree in English from The University of Chicago. Her professional activities have been devoted to the editing and writing of books for young people. She has specialized in the field of educational writing—books with an historical, geographic, or biographical background, and has also written many articles for magazines for adults, including *Reader's Digest*, *Coronet*, *Today's Health*, *Success Today*, *The Woman*, *Journal of Living*, *Ford Times*, and many others. Most of Mrs. Bailey's adult life has been spent in Chicago, with the exception of four years in St. Augustine, Florida. She has traveled widely in this country, Europe, Mexico, and the West Indies, gathering material and pictures for her books. Music—she plays the piano and pipe organ; the theatre; and outdoor sports—hunting, fishing, and ice-skating, are her hobbies and diversions. At one time she was woman's

tennis champion in her home town of Mattoon. She is a member of the Children's Reading Round Table, the National Woman's Book Association, the Society of Midland Authors, and the Illinois Woman's Press Association, of which she served as president for four years.



LAURA BANNON came from a creative family—her mother's unusual comic dolls were made without patterns and her father's houses were built without blueprints. The Bannon family, big and noisy, lived in Grand Traverse Bay in Michigan. Brother Jimmy was very talented and could draw just about anything. At school one day Laura was horrified to see him cutting out various shapes from the cardboard back of his tablet, making slits in them, and putting them on various parts of his face; the result was grotesque. Laura was afraid the teacher would find out what was going on behind the geography book Jimmy was supposed to be studying. She did, and Laura suffered in sympathy with him when he was punished. Upon graduation from the Michigan State Normal School, Miss Bannon supervised art in public school systems until she could afford to attend the Art Institute of Chicago. Her greatest pleasure has always been that of painting and her watercolors and oils are frequently seen in the annual art exhibits of Chicago. After completing

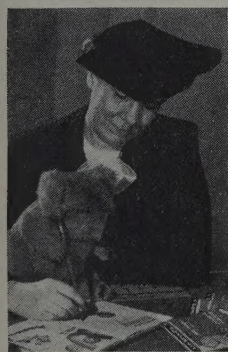
her work at the Art Institute she taught drawing and painting in the adult classes there and was in charge of the Saturday School classes for children. One of her outstanding contributions is the part she played in conducting experiments, over a period of ten years, in the children's art classes; these have added to knowledge of the natural development of child art. Her close contact with and understanding of children is evidenced in her books. Her travels also have influenced her work as she has lived and painted in Mexico, Japan, and Peru.





JENE BARR — In the little town near Warsaw where my mother was born, it was the custom for travelling groups of acrobats to perform in the village square, and all the townspeople would gather to see the daring feats. My mother told me often about a tightrope dancer who held people spellbound as she danced lightly across a rope stretched high in the sky. My mother had a gift for story telling and loved books, so it was through her that I acquired my love for reading. It was only natural that my first story, *Conrad the Clock*, uses the tightrope dancer from her exciting childhood memory as an important character in this fantasy written for the young reader. I began to teach in the Chicago Public Schools after graduating from the Chicago Normal School of Physical Education. While teaching I continued my studies at the Chicago Teachers College followed by courses at The University of Chicago, Northwestern University, and the Art Institute of Chicago. After teaching physical education and then academic classroom work, I became teacher-librarian and love every minute of it. I started a children's column in the community news-

paper, *Back of the Yards Journal*, because of my interest in fostering the creative efforts of the children in the area in which I teach. The most important feature of this column was the Advice Department. Here the children had an opportunity to tell about their failures, frustrations, and indecisions which were carefully studied and answered with the help of child guidance experts. In addition I started a column for the women. Child guidance, household problems, economical recipes were among the topics discussed. The Illinois Women's Press Association gave these columns first prize and the National Federation of Press Women awarded them Honorable Mention. I have also written for children's magazines and professional journals. However, my real interest lies in writing for children. Because I feel that reading is the most important basic skill for children and that the beginning reader needs more "read-it-yourself" material, I intend to continue writing simple stories with controlled vocabularies designed to meet the needs of the beginning reader. Quite recently *Little Circus Dog* was awarded first prize by the Illinois Women's Press Association and received second place in the national contest sponsored by the National Federation of Press Women.



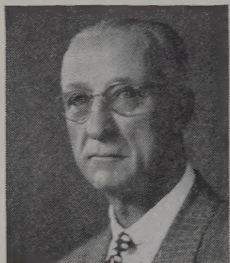
MARJORIE BARROWS — I was born in Chicago. My father was a physician and my mother a musician and composer. The world I lived in as a child was a quiet one, without radios, almost without movies and automobiles. As I was not too husky, my doctor-father kept me out of school and until I reached college my home education was decidedly sketchy. But my world was filled with books, and these I read omnivorously — from Harold Bell Wright to Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Plato, and Browning. I read all of them in bed, on the sands of Lake Michigan, or up in a cherry tree. And the book I continued to read and reread through my childhood was *Little Women*. Only a child left to herself a good deal would probably be so influenced by a single book. How I secretly yearned to write for children just as Jo did! But this was only a dream, until one day in Orchard House at Concord I stood up in Jo's attic. At that moment my favorite book became real. Here was Jo's sofa, here was Beth's piano,

there were Amy's pictures. Real, it was all real! Then and there I woke up; I decided to begin making my dream real, too. I was only in my midteens, but I would start right away. I would study, work, try very, very hard. Then some day I, too, would write for children — books that Jo and I would approve of! At Northwestern University and The University of Chicago I majored in English and wrote for college magazines and papers. After leaving college I was contributing editor of *Compton's Encyclopaedia*. Two years later I joined *Child Life Magazine*, January, 1922, where for many years I was assistant editor, associate editor, and editor-in-chief. Later I was editor of the Trade Division of Consolidated Books for five years and am now free-lancing at home. I have written many works, ten million have been sold; compiled many books; contributed to many anthologies and magazines; and written many plays, stories, and poems. My chief hobbies are traveling — especially to Bermuda, collecting books — I have approximately 3,000 and especially value the inscribed copies of many writer-friends, trying to help young writers — I am on the board of Midwestern Writers' Conference and on their advisory staff. I am Literary Chairman of the Cordon Club and on the board of the Midland Authors.





LIBUSHKA BARTUSEK, although of Czech ancestry, that is except one distant English ancestor who remained in a Czech village after the Napoleonic Wars, was born in the United States and educated in Chicago schools and in Na Karlove, a girl's school in Praha, Czechoslovakia. Unusually talented, she became a member of the Chicago Grand Opera Company in her early teens; at the time of her debut at the Goodman Theatre she earned the commendation of Herman Devries as one of the most versatile young artists in America. She has been a most successful singer, pianist, dancer, and actress, but at present devotes her time to writing and lecturing. Her interest in her two children and in civic affairs has led her to accept membership on the Oak Park Elementary School Board.



JOHN Y. BEATY was born at Finchburg, Blackhawk County, Iowa, December 12, 1884. While in high school he obtained work during the summer vacations on a farm in South Dakota and immediately decided that he wished to become a farmer. He enjoyed the animals on the farm and the wild animals which he found in the fields. He followed the tracks which had been made by herds of buffalo and which were still visible at that time as well-beaten paths through the prairies of South Dakota. After studying agriculture at Iowa State College he became an assistant editor of *New England Homestead* and *Farm and Home* magazines. Later he taught Agricultural Journalism at the University of Wisconsin. From there he went to Santa Rosa, California, and worked for three years with Luther Burbank, after which he returned to South Dakota and became editor of the *National Alfalfa Journal*. Later he became editor of *System*

on the Farm in Chicago, then book editor and sales manager for Popular Mechanics Press, and then editor of *Bankers Monthly* for Rand McNally and Company. His first book, *Billy Berk*, published by Wilcox and Follett in 1930, was followed by three other books about farm animals: *Spotty, the Story of a Holstein Cow*; *Old Abe, the Story of a Sheep*; and *Sunshine Rose, the Story of a Pony*. These were all written about animals on his own farm at Barrington, Illinois. He has had a total of thirty-six books published for children and several others for adults. Mr. Beaty says that he writes books for children because he loves children; he writes about animals and nature because he loves nature. In 1941 he bought a farm at Crystal Lake, Illinois, and has operated both it and a rented one. His address is R. F. D. No. 1, Crystal Lake, Illinois. He gives frequent talks to children in schools, always testing out a new book for children by telling the story to children of the age for which he is writing. He also follows the practice of taking children to his farm in order to get their reactions to what they see and to what he tells them. This has been his method of testing for vocabulary and interest in connection with all his books. To get material for *The River Book*, *The Ocean Book*, and *The Mountain Book*, he took two boys, different ones in each case, and actually explored a river, a mountain, and the Atlantic Ocean. The books tell of the experiences the boys had, what they learned, and how they made the discoveries.



ROWENA BASTIN BENNETT, author and poet, was born in Merchantville, New Jersey. She attended the University of Michigan and a private school in Berlin, Germany, and now is a free lance lecturer and author. She began writing at the age of nine; *Around a Toadstool Table* was her first book. She has been on the staff of the *Jack and Jill* magazine for many years and has been a frequent contributor ever since its founding. In 1941 and 1942 she was a member of the faculty of the Northwestern University Writers' Conference. She is married to Kenneth Chisholm Bennett and has three children. The poem, *Innisfree*, by William Butler Yeats was an inspiration for the name which the Bennetts so aptly called their

house, Innisfree, at Warrenville, Illinois, and which nestles in a five-acre woodland. She is now working on a three-act drama of "Puss in Boots."





MARGIE ENGELBRECHT BENOIT—I spent the first eighteen years of my life in Illinois in the country. My parents being farmers, we traded eggs and cream for groceries and clothing in such towns as Buckley, Crescent City, and Watseka. One of the first persons to notice and encourage my efforts to draw was my fifth grade teacher, who varied my comfortable old pencil and crayon technique with a bright, shiny, and somewhat terrifying new box of Prang's watercolors! Amusements in childhood, besides drawing, were simple but not dull. Many enjoyable hours were spent at my mother's parents—called "The Folks"—in all sorts of play thought up by my imaginative aunts and uncles who weren't much older than I. Grandma, whose name was Trientja—also my middle name and the one I have used for my children's books—baked wonderful brown bread, had a lovely gardenful of old-fashioned flowers, and an assortment of strangely marked chickens who resembled more some rare zoological specimen than their prosaic Buff Orpington, Leghorn, and Barred Rock

ancestors. Grandma said I was like Uncle Frank who drew pictures for a hobby. Later, in college when I developed a splashy technique, people usually hinted that Uncle Frank's drawings were "more natural." People called Grandpa "Wild Bill" because he was always pulling some impossible feats of athletic skill, usually competing with men lots younger. Fishing in ordinary creeks with him was an adventure packed with real mystery and excitement. And as for narrative skill, he could entertain by the hour imitating and describing the idiosyncracies of neighbors and friends. These were my mother's people. Mother preferred work in the fields to household duties though yearly she managed to can prodigious quantities from her garden, bake and decorate angel food cakes for celebrations, and collaborate with me designing and making our clothes. My Dad's parents had a small Lutheran pastorate in the Ash Grove community but both died before I could form any memories of them. Grandfather, in addition to preparing a weekly sermon, had a garden, orchard, and two or three cows, for the mouths were many and the salary small. An inventive streak produced an ingenious flytrap which a local merchant bought and manufactured, plus an early type of milking machine which, they say, ruined one of those precious milk cows. Dad seemed to inherit that same streak, for periodically he would get an idea that would have us all dreaming of easy street. We never could quite save that seventy-five dollars, however, with which to obtain a patent; then one day we would see something just like his idea being advertised in a magazine. While he might have been pardoned for being more mercenary, he was greatly disappointed when he found I was studying art education. He felt that I might not be able to be an artist, too. This flower-growing, dress designing, fly-trapping, inventing, and tale-spinning crowd produced besides me a brother Ken, who is studying industrial engineering; a sister Lu Verne, a teacher; and a sister Jeanette, a musically-inclined bud of sixteen. Shortly after I began my art study at the University of Illinois in Urbana Lu Verne followed, where we juggled dishes, typed, tended children, and carried trays to pay our expenses. Majoring in art education, minoring in English, but squeezing in all the painting I could, life in art school was so satisfactory I might easily have become a perennial student had I been born rich instead of good-looking, so after an additional year at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia on a painting scholarship—sidetrips to New York and Washington, D. C., gave me glimpses of such wonders as the Metropolitan Museum and the National Gallery of Art—I took a supervisory position teaching art in Belvidere, Illinois, public schools. After two years there I settled my affairs, made a will, and headed for Chicago, thinking to set my feet on the road to becoming a famous artist. Almost immediately I began doing illustrations for children's books besides free-lancing as a commercial artist. On the Near North Side I sampled my first pizza, thrilled to the big ships passing up the Chicago River through up-raised bridges, sketched on Clark Street, studied lithography nights, painted in my Rush Street studio apartment, "made" the Chicago show at the Art Institute, and joined the art staff at the University of Illinois at Navy Pier. About this time Arthur Benoit, student painter at the Art Institute, young man of many enthusiasms, including golf, airplanes, coon hunts in Ohio, and Italian spaghetti, met me and I became his wife! No longer teaching I am now trying to match, at least, his cooking skill, which is considerable, and to take good care of our six-month-old daughter, Renée Lucille, while he supports us doing commercial illustration. Perhaps, with the practice I'll undoubtedly get later entertaining Renée, I'll write, as well as illustrate, children's books!





ELISA BIALK — "Many are called but few are chosen" is a phrase which might aptly be used to describe the children's book field. A perusal of the biographies of many of the most popular writers of children's books discloses the interesting fact that, rather than begin cutting the eyeteeth of their careers in the juvenile field, they served the apprenticeship of their craft elsewhere, and began writing children's books with years of experience as background. A case in point is that of Elisa Bialk, author of *Wild Horse Island*; *Ride 'Em, Peggy*; *Taffy's Foal*; and *The Horse Called Pete*. When, as a student in Chicago schools, she determined to be a writer, she had no premonition that one day she would be established as a popular author in the children's field. At fifteen her first poetry was published. She appeared in such literary publications as *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*. It was the late Harriet Monroe, then editor of *Poetry*, who encouraged her to turn to fiction, because she saw in the poems what she called "a vivid sense of drama" which could be well utilized in fiction.

By this time newspaper work occupied Elisa Bialk's time during the day, and all the interesting facts of the teeming life of Chicago provided material for the short stories she began to turn out. The fascinating background of the city also provided the chief protagonist for her first novel, *On What Strange Stuff*, which was selected for publication by Burton Rascoe, who hailed her as one of two "discoveries" of the year. She gave up newspaper work with her marriage to L. Martin Krautter in 1934, but continued to write short stories. One of these short stories, selected for publication by the late Edward J. O'Brien, short story connoisseur, was called *The Sainted Sisters*, and has had a long and lucrative career. It was made into a play which was under option to the Theatre Guild, then sold to Paramount Pictures, who made it into a movie starring Barry Fitzgerald, Joan Caulfield, and Veronica Lake. In the meantime, through her own two youngsters, Elisa Bialk had become increasingly interested in children's books. Asked to base a children's book on one of her published and already anthologized short stories, *The Horse Called Pete*, she readily accepted the challenge of the new field. Response was so gratifying that she forsook the adult field for a new phase of her writing career, and since has been turning out a book a year for children. Admitting that writing for children is an exacting field which leaves her little time for anything else, Elisa Bialk nevertheless feels that the satisfactions far outweigh all other considerations. She still manages, however, to conduct a monthly column in *Household Magazine*, a Capper publication which keeps her in close touch with over two million readers in rural sections all over the United States.



CLARENCE BIER is primarily an illustrator of juvenile books but, being a free-lance artist, he has handled many other assignments. These have included spot drawings for the *New York Times Book Review*, the *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*, and the *Saturday Review of Literature*. As a complete change of pace he also did a series of cartoons which were published by Consolidated Publishing Company of Chicago for sending to the armed forces. He was born in Mendota, Illinois — the same town from which the late Helen E. Hokinson had sprung to *New Yorker* fame. His father was Matt Biers, a prominent horseman of the time who judged at Madison Square Garden and the International Amphitheatre in Chicago and who maintained stables in Mendota, which meant that the juvenile

illustrator's early life was filled with a procession of ponies and horses plus, of course, his five sisters and two brothers. He danced and sang at eight or nine months of age but never does so any more. At six he said, "Why should I learn arithmetic? I'm going to be an artist." At sixteen he conducted the Children's Page for a national magazine. He did this by mail for six months until they found out somehow that he was just a youngster himself. He left high school after the second year and went to the Art Institute School in Chicago for one year. Then the editors of Rand McNally and Company looked at some of his sample drawings which he had managed to show them after walking up and down Clark Street for fifteen minutes before he could make himself go into the building. This resulted in a commission to illustrate a book. He soon quit art school, believing that the practical experience would be more valuable. Other books and odds and ends of jobs followed. He worked for *Child Life Magazine* under the direction of Marjorie Barrows, editor at the time, and Frances Cavanah, associate editor; also with



Bennet B. Harvey, Edith Patterson Meyer, Marion Dittman, Mary Alice Jones, and Edwin Snyder and Claude Snider, art directors. He has produced many books, including four titles of the *Glowing-Eye Series*. He has done many paint books and others for Whitman Publishing Company of Racine, Wisconsin, some of which he wrote as well as illustrated. Only one was done under an assumed name, for some reason. That was *Dipsy Donkey*; on that title page he used the name Johnnie Laurence. He is a bachelor and has been living in a suburb of Chicago — Arlington Heights — for some years. Since January of this year he has been in the sunshine, surf, and sand of Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida, while working on several new books.



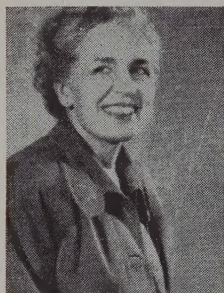
JOSEPHINE BLACKSTOCK — I began to write because of a ghost. The ghost's name is Sir John Skelton, an ancestor of mine, and the first poet laureate of England. He kept nudging my elbow, whispering, "What's wrong with you? Why don't you write?" Don't think this was just my imagination; "we are an omnibus in which all our ancestors ride." Anyway, when I was nine, and attending a small private school in Ottawa, Canada — I was born in Toronto — the teacher would sometimes let us do just what we wanted. I did one thing; I got out a lined tablet, with one of those too-brightly lithographed covers, and wrote fairy stories long and furiously. My father, a clergyman, moved his family to Chicago when I was eleven. There I attended the University School for Girls, and was graduated from that good institution. I took a course in physical education at American College of Physical Education, and received a B. S. degree. At seventeen I wrote a long short story that was published in *The Ladies World* — my family was sure the check I got was bogus. I took every course in English offered at Northwestern University and one at The University of Chicago. I won some prizes in short stories at Northwestern, and had a number of stories and articles published in *Redbook*, *Junior Activities*, *High School Life*, *Woman's Athletic Club Magazine*, and *Woman's Activities*. At The University of Chicago I taught social recreation for one term. I got a reporter's job, first at *Oak Park Events*, where I came to know Ernest Hemingway, and then at *Oak Leaves*. I was a correspondent for *The Tribune*, and was doing well when unfortunately I gave them a picture of the wrong man, and was politely fired. Then I found my life's work; I became director of the Oak Park Playgrounds. During the twenty-nine years I have held this position, I have written nearly every play and pageant we have given. I have tried to do something for the thousands of boys and girls with whom I have come in contact, believing that plays not only provide an outlet for skills, but develop character. However, they have helped me more than I have helped them. When in 1939 I wrote my first two full-length books for young people, *Wings for Nikias* and *Island On the Beam*, it was the young folks who did the most for me. I tried out the material on the playground children, and their reactions were wise and salutary; a young artillery officer told me about the relation between the curve of the earth and a gun range; two British aviators visiting our place described the mechanics of planes, and thereby assured my future relationships with my masculine public. UNNRA and Knopf publishing firm chose me to write a story about Greece for their anthology, *Youth Replies I Can*, a volume in which I rubbed humble elbows with Sigrid Undset, Jan Masaryk, and Pearl Buck. My third book, *Rue Plays the Game*, partly autobiographical, is a career book about the trials and triumphs of a play director. Row, Peterson have recently published two biographies of mine, *Jane Addams* and *Alexander the Great*. I expect to retire soon and devote all my time to writing.

SONIA BLEEKER is interested in writing factual stories about the early Indians of America, but not of the bloody Indian raid type. *Indians of the Longhouse*, the story of the Iroquois, is the first in a series which she is to write showing how the different North American Indian tribes lived before the white man came to their country. The second of the series is *The Apache Indians, Raiders of the Southwest*; the third, *The Sea Hunters, Indians of the Northwest Coast*; and the fourth, which she is working on now, is *The Cherokee, Indians of the Southeast*. Sonia is the wife of Herbert S. Zim; they have two sons, Aldwin Herbert and Roger Spencer.





Poetry Prize in 1925 and the Alexander Pushkin Prize in 1926 and 1927. He has been a contributor to such magazines as the *Horn Book*, *Commonground*, and the *Yale Library Gazette*.



MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO, daughter of a former president of Transylvania College and wife of Albin Carroll Bro, President of Frances Shimer College of Mt. Carroll, Illinois, was born in David City, Nebraska. She has travelled extensively — China, Japan, Mexico, Uruguay, Brazil, and Argentina; from 1919-1925 she taught in China. Her contributions to the magazine field are numerous, both for adults and children. She is the mother of four children. At present she and her husband, a Cultural Attaché in Indonesia, are stationed at Djakarta.



BERNICE BRYANT was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on April 6, 1908. She attended the University of Illinois, Illinois Normal School, Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago, Lewis Institute, and McKendree College. Together with her husband, Louis Henry Bryant, and their daughter Bernice, she lives in Oak Park, Illinois. To tell her young daughter the right thing to do "etiquettely speaking," when the girl's adolescent pride kept her from asking direct questions, she started writing books. Her hobbies are dress designing and interior decorating.



MARGARET TAYLOR BURROUGHS—I was born in St. Rose Parish, Louisiana, on November 1, 1916; came to Chicago at the age of five years; and was educated in the Chicago Public Schools. I was graduated from the Carter Elementary School; the Englewood High School in 1933; and the Chicago Teachers College, then the Chicago Normal College, in 1937. Then I attended the Art Institute of Chicago and received my B.A. degree in 1944 and my M.A. in 1948. Combining my interest in children, writing, and art, I accidentally produced *Jasper, the Drummin' Boy*, a juvenile which I wrote and illustrated. Besides enjoying my work of teaching art at the DuSable High School, I am preparing other creative works for young people, including a collection of Negro folk stories. I hope to put into form for American children some of the thrilling history of the Negro people and the fine contributions that they have made to the building of America.





**SAM CAMPBELL** — They tell me I was born August 1, 1895. The place was the little town of Watseka, Illinois, one of the few towns that actually snores. I lived a very active life there until the age of three. There was nothing particularly noteworthy about those years, except that encouraged by parents who had the same love for animals as I, I had pet geese, chickens, dogs, cats, squirrels, sheep, a cow, and a family of pigs, all of which I wanted in the house at the same time. When a circus came to town they caught me crawling into the lion's cage, and I yelled at my remarkable best when I couldn't take the elephant home with me. We moved to Chicago during my fourth year, and it is said I bawled for six months without a letup. Try as my parents did they couldn't impress me with the cultural and economic advantages of the city. I couldn't be

convinced of the advantage of shoes over bare feet, libraries over groves, traffic noises over bird songs, and the substitution of toys for my pets. However, we lived on in the city despite my objection. It speaks well for the faculty when I say that I finished grade school and high school there. I was interested in only one thing, nature. I could always tell the exact number of hours until the next vacation period, when we would be going back to the country to live on my grandfather's farm. Most of my family remained a bit disgusted with me, and with some degree of prophecy declared I would never amount to anything. However, my mother, a splendid nature student, understood me and sympathized with my strange aims and interests. She went into the forests and fields with me, and I still recall with amazement her understanding of the wild ways. Her teachings I regard as the most valuable I have ever received. College was my most difficult problem. The curriculum did not feature the things I preferred to study. Hence I picked here and there taking only what I liked, and consequently never received a degree or a diploma. I taught music to earn money for this period. During high school years I saw Northern Wisconsin for the first time. A glimpse of heaven could not have impressed me more. I was determined to live in those forests, neighbor to the interesting animals dwelling there. I acquired some forest land northeast of the town of Three Lakes, Wisconsin, and picked up life right where it had been when I was so rudely interrupted at the age of three. I made friends with the forest creatures so I could study them. Many famous little folk entered the scene, such as Halitosis, my pet skunk; Inky, the internationally known porcupine; Bunny Hunch and Big Boy, the two bears; Rack and Ruin, the Raccoons; and others. People wanted to read about my experiences with animals, so to save letter writing I wrote books. They wanted to see them, too, so I made motion pictures and with these entered the lecture field. To date I have given 7,500 public lectures, before audiences totalling nearly 7,000,000 people. And I can see material for as many more books and lectures in the lives of my ever-increasing circle of wildwood friends.



**REBECCA CAUDILL** was born in Harlan County, Kentucky, on the banks of the Poor Fork River. It could hardly be called a town or village since there were so few houses; the post office was named Poor Fork. (Today this area is a bustling town named Cumberland. Although Rebecca started school at the age of three most of her learning was done at home; her father and mother were school teachers. The formal school was in session three or four months a year; as soon as it closed her mother and sister Stella took over the teaching duties of the Caudill family—which numbered a total of eleven children, five older than Rebecca—until corn planting time. After being graduated from Sumner County High School of Portland, Tennessee—she was the valedictorian—she worked her way through Wesleyan College of Macon, which was the first chartered woman's college in the world. Upon graduating she was granted a graduate fellowship to Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tennessee, where she

received a Master's Degree in international relations. Later she taught English in a Brazilian girls' school in Rio de Janeiro, Collegio Bennett; then edited the *Torchbearer* for The Methodist Publishing House of Nashville. She has traveled over most of Europe, including Russia and the Scandinavian countries, and was a delegate to the first world Youth Peace Congress held in Holland in 1928. Her first attempt at writing was a rhyme, "The Well by the Side of the Road," for which she received a great deal of commendation. This inspired her to enter a short story contest for youth under sixteen which *Pictorial Review* was conducting and on which she spent



a good part of one summer. Inasmuch as at least one of the family was always away from home at school or teaching she spent her Sunday afternoons writing the weekly happenings to the absent one; she feels that this was very good training although she didn't realize it at the time. She didn't think seriously of writing until after her marriage, when her editor husband encouraged her to write. She was quite surprised when she sold her first story to Wilma McFarland of the defunct *Portal* and when Bob McGaw ordered three for *Cargo*. She has two children, James, eighteen, and Becky, sixteen.



FRANCES CAVANAH — When I was going to grade school in Evansville, Indiana, I wrote a composition called "My Greatest Ambition." Years later my teacher came across it among some old papers and sent it to me. In one paragraph I read: "My greatest ambition is to be a writer. That is, if I could be a great one. Only the best would be satisfactory. I wish to write dramas based on history." Although I did not become the great writer I had hoped to be, part of my wish came true. I did grow up to write a play and several books and stories based on history. My interest in both history and in writing has grown keener with the years. Meanwhile many things have happened. After attending public schools in Mount Vernon and Evansville, Indiana, I entered DePauw University. Following my graduation I came to Chicago and began reviewing children's books. It was then I decided that I, too, wanted to write for children. I joined the staff of *Child Life*, and from 1930 to 1938 I served as the associate editor. There I read and edited manuscripts, managed a children's club, contributed plays, historical short stories, and serials to the magazine, and read the mail received from our readers. Those boys and girls told us

about their enthusiasms, their games, their hobbies, what they liked — and didn't like — in their stories. Reading more than a thousand letters from children every month is a rich and rewarding experience. Later I was Biography Editor for the 1947 revision of *World Book Encyclopaedia* and Anthology Editor of the 1948 revision of *Childcraft*, published by Field Enterprises, Inc. I have also compiled, and helped to compile, other anthologies. It is always a satisfaction to bring to a new audience of readers certain favorite stories which they might otherwise not have a chance to read. My own writing has included both text and trade books. *Our New Land* and *Our New Nation*, of which I am co-author, are basic texts used in the fourth and fifth grades. *Our Country's Story* is a picture history for the youngest readers. I especially enjoy writing stories with an American historical background. At present I live in Evanston, Illinois, where I am Director of Biographies for the *Real People Series*, published by Row, Peterson and Company. To me biography is as fascinating as history, because people make history. The first thirty-six biographies in the series tell the stories of people who played an important part in the making of our own country and in the history of the world.



GEORGIANA DORCAS CEDER — I was born and reared in Chicago; educated in the Chicago Public Schools and Northwestern University; and had special tutoring in French, music, etcetera. After the first world war I spent some time in the Near East in connection with postwar relief. I have just returned from a trip there revisiting places where I had been, as well as others. I visited Egypt, Jordan, Republic of Syria, Lebanon, Greece, and Turkey. It was largely out of my Near East experiences that I wrote two of my books — *Ethan, the Shepherd Boy* and *Ann of Bethany*. Several short stories and *Ya-Ya*, my first book, were written under the *nome de plume* of Ana Dor. A sequel to *Ya-Ya* has been written and first serial rights sold to *Pictures and Stories*, a Sunday School paper which serialized *Ya-Ya* at the time it was published.



HAZEL PARIS CEDERBORG — I am a housewife with a grown son and a teenage daughter. Since graduation from college, I have taught in New England, Virginia, and Illinois, mostly on the college level, and six years in church school in the kindergarten and primary departments. I have both a B. A. and M. A. from Wellesley, and have done work at Harvard and Boston Universities. Off and on through the years I have written for a number of magazines: informal essays, short stories, articles on family life; and articles of general nature for both adults and children. My first efforts in the juvenile field were made of necessity. I couldn't find just the sort of stories I needed for my six-year-old boy; so I tried my hand at some. A friend, who had several successful juveniles to his credit, pointed out the fact that I had some salable stories. I submitted them to various publishers, and eventually sold all of them. Though I still write some juvenile material, most of my limited time is given to articles for adults. At present, however, I am working in the field of the teenager, trying through informal articles to interpret him to worried parents.



CHRISTINE L. CHISHOLM — I was born in Nova Scotia, and my early memories are of chasing the ebbing tide with wet sand squidding between my toes, squeezing the kelp pods to hear them pop, separating strands of seaweed to find the flaky seasalt, and licking it up with great relish. When I was seven the family moved to my mother's old home in New Brunswick, where I went to school with my two brothers and three sisters. My father was a violinist and my mother accompanied him when he played at home. In the early days of the century he was court violinist to Ludwig of Bavaria; he had also played in the orchestras of Rubenstein, Wilhelmj, and Joachim. When European musicians toured Canada they stayed at our house and we children listened to great music and great talk in the evenings. The old house was full of entertainment. There were the toys and the clothes of three generations in the storerooms. We explored them and played with the toys and tried on the clothes and paraded about in

them on rainy days. We all had our favorite "reading trees." Mine was the crotch of a cherry tree in the orchard; I could read and eat at the same time. In the late summer deer came into the orchard to eat windfalls at night. There was always something magic about them, especially on a moonlit night; they stepped so gracefully and so quietly. When we heard the rustle in the grass we would get out of bed and watch from the windows, as quiet as mice. The Nashwaak Valley was beautiful. The river was full of rapids and very swift. It wound in and out among wooded hills, and you could see the shadows of clouds on those hills, and a rainstorm coming, for miles. It always thrilled me to watch rain march up the valley. In the spring the intervalle meadows around the river were flooded and when the water subsided we went down there to pick tender fiddleheads, to cook with a chunk of salt pork, and little blue-veined white violets. Later there was always an expedition to the woods for wild strawberries to preserve. In the autumn we went up river to a burned-over patch of woods for wild raspberries. We put up gallons of wild berries and fruit every season. Later I went to Toronto to write publicity for the Canadian National Railways, and went to evening classes at the Ontario College of Art. Most of my work now is advertising illustration and illustrations for school books. In my free time I paint with oils, or occasionally make a wood-cut. The sketches for my stories of the Smokies and the Cumberlands were made on the spot. I went down there with a friend one summer and the mountain folk were wonderful to us. They showed us their houses, how they notched the logs for the corners, how they made their fireplaces of fieldstone, and all sorts of things. They were most hospitable, even the people living in isolated cabins far back in the woods. Some were still using cooking utensils and furniture that date back to pre-revolutionary days.





JACK CONROY — I was born in Moberly, Missouri, just late enough to bid the nineteenth century goodbye. My memories of that mining and farming town and my experiences in or near it have gone into much of my writing, including the juveniles I wrote in collaboration with Arna Bontemps: *The Fast Sooner Hound*, 1942; *Slappy Hooper, the Wonderful Sign Painter*, 1946; and *Sam Patch — the High, Wide and Handsome Jumper*, 1951. A rich source of material was the old hitching lot behind the Merchant's Hotel, where farmers, on Saturday, would hitch their nags and swap yarns while the womenfolk shopped. The farmers usually chawed on hanks of homegrown tobacco as, to quite Kipling, "regally they spat and smoked and fearsomely they lied." Some of their tales went into my stories in B. A. Botkin's *A Treasury of American Folklore* and with Arna Bontemps' help some of them have emerged as books for children. Other tall-tale books are on the way. There's something of Moberly, too, in my two novels, *The Disinherited*, 1933, and *A World to Win*, 1935, as well as in my anthology *Midland Humor: A Harvest of Fun and Folklore*. My years of wandering as an itinerant worker helped me add to my collection of stories, if not to my material wealth. Lately I've been leading a sedate life in Chicago as associate editor of the Standard Education Society. Last summer I visited Moberly, which is also the home town of General Omar Bradley and Elizabeth Seiffert of the interminable doctor novels, and found the hitching lot replaced by a cold and austere municipal auditorium. I wonder where the yarnspinnners congregate now.



MITCHELL DAWSON, a Chicago lawyer in active practice, has had a parallel vocation as a writer. His early contributions were to such magazines as *The Little Review*, *Double Dealer*, and *Poetry*. Later he wrote some six hundred tabloid stories illustrating legal points, which appeared on the editorial page of the *Chicago Daily News* over a period of five and one-half years. He has also contributed articles to such magazines as *Harpers*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *New Yorker*, *Reader's Digest*, *Woman's Day*, and many others. *The Magic Firecrackers* is Mitchell Dawson's first book for boys and girls, but he is not altogether new at juvenile fiction, having turned out millions of words telling stories to his three children as they grew up over the years. He began telling bedtime stories to his first daughter, Hilary, when she was three or four

years old. The stories began with the adventures of a little girl, Sissot, who was identified with Hilary. His other two children, Jill and Gregory, were brought into the stories under their own names as they grew old enough to listen. *The Magic Firecrackers* started when Greg brought his father a red-covered blank diary and told him to start writing. The girls had often asked him to write out his stories, but Greg actually forced him to do it. So on a winter evening when he was very weary, he took the pencil and wrote Chapters One and Two. Hilary and Jill drew some pictures for it. But Mr. Dawson didn't get much further with it until Greg went away to summer camp and asked his father to give him his bedtime serial by mailing it to him in installments. This was an assignment which a father could not dodge. He set to and sent Greg the story in installments of about 2,000 words a day. Greg liked it, and his friends liked it, and he kept asking, "When are you going to get Uncle Dick published?" His father said that publication wasn't important: the story was complete. Greg and he had it; no one could take it away from them. But Greg wouldn't let his father off. So finally the manuscript was re-written and sent to Viking. "The best stories, of course," says Mitchell Dawson, "were the ones that vanished into thin air. They have left only an aura, a sense of happy perfection that my children shared, as illusionary no doubt as masterpieces written in a dream. Yet many of the scenes and characters still remain. Too much fantasy, I suppose, but my children never lost themselves in it and are growing up to be firm realists in spite of educational theories to the contrary, perhaps because I always confined my inventions to external things and never distorted the emotional content or human relationships. We adventured into the impossible for fun — as normally imaginative people always do." Fantasy and everyday reality have been combined in *The Magic Firecrackers*. It is written with such matter-of-fact skill that the magical powers granted by the Chinese firecrackers seem as natural and inevitable as the farm chores, the family pow-wows, and the scenes at school. It was chosen by *The New York Times* as one of the ten best juvenile books of 1949.





MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY was born in New York City, reared there and in Ohio, in and near Cleveland. She always meant to write but had no idea of doing juveniles. She wanted to be another George Eliot. She was a reporter for the old *New York Journal* but resigned to become a feature writer on the Sunday *New York World*. Later she went to Cleveland to be, for some years, the entire staff of the *Sunday Plain Dealer*. Immediately after being graduated from St. Mary's School, then at 6 and 8 East 46th Street, now at Peekskill-on-Hudson, she began selling verses, articles, and short stories to national magazines. The managing editor of the *Plain Dealer* ordered her to write an original story for children every week, and so sealed her literary fate. Her first book had run serially in

the *Plain Dealer* before her marriage, in 1905, to an artist-author on the paper, William Donahey. Gradually she did less and less in the adult field, although before switching to *Child Life* and other juvenile magazines she had contributions published in *Red Book*, *The American*, *Good Housekeeping*, and a number of magazines such as all the Munsey publications, which are no longer in existence. She has had twenty-two books published in all, and one republished. In 1948 Random House published a new edition of *The Castle of Grumpy Grouch*. It had first been published by Stern of Philadelphia in 1908, been on the market twenty years, off twenty years, and came out by a new publisher in a new dress on its fortieth birthday. This was the author's proudest moment! After doing nine fairy tales Mrs. Donahey wrote books for older children. She enjoys the log cabin in the northern woods as much as her husband, though she substitutes gardening for wood chopping and fishing.



WILLIAM DONAHEY was born in a small Ohio village. From the age of four to the time he went to the Cleveland School of Art he lived in New Philadelphia, Ohio. In 1903 he joined the staff of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Against the judgment of his managing editor, on his own time, and with no extra money involved he began doing a series of illustrations of the Mother Goose rhymes, which were later published by Reilly and Lee, since he had decided that the reason everyone thought young children liked rough and tough "comics" was because they had nothing else. He then wrote his own verses and illustrated them, all in color; these were also published in a book by Reilly and Lee. Joseph Medill Patterson, then of the *Chicago Tribune*, saw his work and asked him to come to the *Tribune* to do a

children's feature. He began bringing out *The Teenie Weenies* in May, 1914. They were a success from the start and he has had many fan letters from old people, one man as old as ninety-six, as well as from mere babies, via parents, of course. In 1916-1917 Beckley Cardy brought out *Teenie Weenie Primers*. Reilly and Lee published seven titles, and had him do a great deal of illustrating of other people's books. All of the volumes published by them and by McGraw-Hill consist of original stories and pictures; they are not reprints of material from the newspapers. In 1905 he married Mary Dickerson, who had already had one book published; however, she has never written any of his verses or stories. They live in an old Chicago house, built just after the great fire, eight months of the year; four months of the year they live in a log cabin surrounded by 105 acres of wild woods and dunes on the shore of beautiful Grand Sauble Lake in upper Michigan near Lake Superior. Here Mr. Donahey cuts a great deal of firewood, makes friends with the wild four-footed neighbors who come to call, sketches, fishes, reads, and never has to dress up.





EMILY TAFT DOUGLAS, wife of Senator Paul Douglas, was herself once congresswoman-at-large for the state of Illinois. She served on the House Foreign Affairs Committee and was appointed the one woman on a seven man committee to study UNRRA in Europe at the close of the war. During her elementary, high school, and college years, all of which were spent at the schools on The University of Chicago campus, she was in amateur theatricals. After being graduated from college she toured the South and Midwest playing the lead in "The Cat and the Canary," and continued playing in it when it reached Broadway. Her *Appleseed Farm* was a runner-up for the *Herald Tribune* award in the class of juveniles. Mrs. Douglas is the daughter of the late sculptor, Lorado Taft, and is the mother of one daughter, Jean. She is to be a member of the American delegation to UNESCO in Paris in June.



ROSAMOND DU JARDIN — I was born in the very small town of Fairland, Illinois, moved to Chicago with my family when I was two, and since then have always lived in that city or one of its suburbs. My free lance writing career has extended over some twenty years. I began by selling humorous verse and short, short stories to the *Chicago Daily News* and other newspaper syndicates. My magazine stories number around a hundred and have appeared in such magazines as *Cosmopolitan*, *American*, *Red Book*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *McCall's*. They have appeared also in many foreign publications in England and Europe. For awhile I wrote a daytime radio serial and have had short radio plays on Silver Theater, Stars Over Hollywood, Aunt Jenny's Stories, and others. My books number five for adults and three for teen-agers. In addition to writing, I keep house, play badminton, golf and bridge, love to read, like to sew, and only regret there aren't a few more hours in each day, as I'm sure I could make use of them. We have three children, two girls and a boy.

Our older daughter was married last year; our son, who is twenty-two, does a good deal of flying in his two-seater plane; and our younger daughter, aged twelve, sometimes gets so interested in my stories that she reads them a chapter at a time, hot out of the typewriter. We have a large dog of indeterminate breed, who thinks he owns us. I like to spend four uninterrupted morning hours a day at my writing, but seldom achieve this. I like particularly to write about teen-agers; I like and respect them as individuals. Despite the spectacular few who get into the headlines, I think the majority of teen-agers are decent, normal, clean-minded, and basically dependable. In my books I stress the wholesome family relationship, with the parents trusting their children and the children knowing they can depend on their parents. My book *Practically Seventeen* is now in its fourth printing and is coming out this year in Sweden. The Xavier Society for the Blind has asked permission to print it in Braille, which makes me feel proud.



F. RAYMOND ELMS — I was born in Chicago, Illinois, on April 26, 1906, the younger son of Fred and Mary Elms; my brother Willard is six years my senior. When I was about five years old the family moved to Denver, Colorado, for a brief period. However, the greater part of my life has been lived in and about Chicago. Shortly after the family returned to Chicago I was enrolled in the Coonley School; later I was transferred to the Alexander Graham Bell School, from which I was graduated. I continued my studies at Lake View High School, where I was enrolled in the art course. Because of scholastic standing I became a member of the Honor Society and was awarded the Gold Honor Pin upon graduation. I then continued to study art in the Art School of the Art Institute of Chicago. My first work was that of a commercial artist and I became interested in children's

books. For some time I have devoted my time to this type of work and also designing other material used by school children in the classroom, such as picture post cutouts and pictures to color. My hobbies are reading, music, and gardening. I like to travel and especially enjoy taking trips by automobile. I like to visit places of historic interest and am especially interested in the southwestern region of our country and the many ruins of early Indian life to be found there. In my latest book, *Let's Take a Trip*, I have tried to acquaint the reader with some of the outstanding and interesting marvels of our country, including a few of our National Parks.





ANNE EMERY — I was born in Fargo, North Dakota. But we came to Chicago when I was three years old, and for the next six years lived in Hyde Park, where I went to the Kozminski School through fourth grade. Since I was nine we have lived in Evanston, where I went through grade school, high school, and Northwestern University. My father, Dr. Hugh A. McGuigan, was on the faculty of the School of Medicine of the University of Illinois. After my graduation from Northwestern, in 1928, he took the whole family abroad for a year — I have two brothers and two sisters. We spent much of our time in France, where I studied elementary language courses at the University of Grenoble. I discovered that year that I had aspirations to be a writer. There should have been lots of material in that year's travel, but I couldn't seem to make any use of it then. Back in Evanston I taught school for some years. In 1933 I married John Emery. We have five children now — Martha,

5; Robert, 7; Joan, 9; Kate, 11; and Mary 13. We have also Gretchen, a three-year-old dachshund, and Tinker, a parakeet. In 1941, the impulse to write reasserted itself, and this time the techniques for learning were clear. I began at last to write, fumbling around for months to discover what exactly I could do best. I learned from writers' magazines, and after some time I began to learn from published material, which is the best source of learning. It took a long time before anything was published at all. But in that time there was a continuing sense of progress that made the learning process not only encouraging, but fascinating. For a couple of years I wrote short stories, progressing from pre-school material up to teenage stories, where I seemed to feel at home. That age-level ever since has been the most interesting field for me. I have many high school friends, who like to talk about the things they are doing, and who could never believe that twenty-five years ago anything resembled life today. This viewpoint is useful: it is important to see things from the viewpoint of young people today, not alone from memory. Standards differ, details vary, social customs are changed, language usage is entirely new. The interior conflicts and uncertainties, the personal feelings and reactions of teenagers are much the same in every generation. But the environment is so different now that it is important to know first-hand how life is being lived today. What I should like to do in my books is to tell good stories, first of all, and then to build them on a realistic background of high school life today, reflecting as accurately as possible the customs, ideals, conflicts, and problems of girls today.

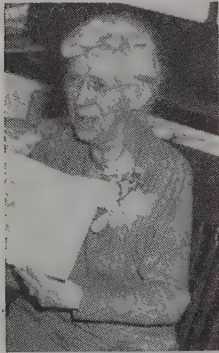


LOUISE EPPENSTEIN — I was ten when I deserted a notebook in which I had pencilled the adventure of some innocuous little girl, and sneaked to my sister's typewriter to compose a scenario for the movies. On its final trip, it was accompanied by a letter: "This has been to so many studios. Please don't send it back." That was the beginning of my career as a writer, and typical. At The University of Chicago my instructor remarked that I wrote just well enough to make her wonder why I did not write better, and for some reason this blocked me. Determined to learn more about life before writing about it, I entered social-service work, placing children from broken homes into foster homes, and in 1925 started a far more exciting life with James F. Eppenstein. After three years in Elgin, Illinois, momentous only for the birth of our Sally, my husband decided to leave the manufacturing business and become an architect. As this required years of study, we packed up for Ann Arbor, Michigan, where the proximity of a campus tempted me to enroll in classes. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, our second child, Peggy, arrived and as

soon as she was able to toddle, we carried the two children and twenty-two pieces of luggage through a large part of Europe where life was a continuous adventure, although I saw more of the parks and zoos than the monuments of art. Meanwhile I was writing numerous stories, and wrote more upon our return to Chicago in 1933, when my husband settled into his profession. These adult stories proved to have less favorable reception from editors than the ones about a dog, a skunk, or a gnu, written primarily to amuse my children. Finally, I developed a book about



a child, *Sally Goes Shopping Alone*, which was accepted for publication, and followed by *Sally Goes Traveling Alone*. My daughter Sally, now twenty-three, insists she has no relationship to the character other than the name, as it is her mother who forgets her packages and pocket-book. It was fun collaborating with Lucile Rosenheim on plays for children. *Pop Buttonback's Birthday* was published and our three-act, *The Horse That Hated Horns*, had several productions. I was entranced at seeing our characters come to life and move about our setting, and when a small boy turned to me at the finale and said, "Oh, I just loved it!" I shared his enthusiasm until my collaborator informed me it was a dreadful performance and we should have done better. That is the joy of writing for children. They are so appreciative!



GEORGENE FAULKNER—Some years ago when I was telling stories to the children in the Chicago Vacation Schools, the little people would hail me with joy and follow me to the schools calling, "Here comes our Story Lady!" They knew that I was interested in them and in stories and so we were all friends; no matter what race, religion, or color, the stories I told drew us together. It has always been like that. The newspapers began to write about this work and made some feature articles about it. I had a larger public and later a wider field, as my storytelling grew. Soon I was asked to give Mothers' Programs and then I assisted in giving children's parties in their homes and in women's clubs. Later I was asked to teach storytelling to groups of teachers in the public schools, in our own National Kindergarten College, then in Chicago, and at the Chicago Public Library to the Teachers' Training Class in Children's Literature. My work gained outside-of-the-city attention and under the Redpath Bureau I had a long experience in Chautauqua work telling stories to huge audiences of children, parents, teachers, and librarians. All this

time I not only was busy in this platform work but I was also writing for the *Chicago Sunday Tribune* as their children's editor. Later I did this work under Mr. Keeley for the Sunday edition of the old *Chicago Herald*. These Sunday stories were syndicated and brought much fan mail, specially the requests for book lists and copies of my own stories. All of this mail I answered as well as the inquiries from the *Ladies Home Journal* readers, for Mr. Bok had engaged me as a children's editor to assist on that magazine. Every year I went to New York, where at the old Waldorf-Astoria ballroom I told stories in matinee programs to crowds of children and their mothers. I also had a *Story Lady Series* of books brought out by various publishers just before and after the First World War. Many of these stories had been printed in my newspaper work and in the *Ladies Home Journal*. Even when the newspapers had to drop the syndicated and story work because of the paper shortage in the First World War, Mr. Bok insisted that my patriotic and Red Cross stories must be kept up in his magazine as a necessary feature. In the early days I had a number of books published, but now they are laid aside, though I believe that some should again be in circulation. To tell stories, directly talking to the children, has been the most enjoyable and profitable part of my life. I have also continued to the present day my teaching of younger children in pre-primary reading and telling stories to the elementary groups, doing this work every morning now in the Faulkner School. I left my teaching for six months at the close of the First World War and went overseas to help cheer our soldiers in those weary days of waiting to come home, and found them like children in wishing to hear me tell stories. I made the first phonograph records ever made for children and in the very early days of the radio told stories on the air for eight years, from 1922 to 1930. The first part of this was done with Miss Judith Waller on WMAQ, a non-commercial story-time with children. Later Marshall Field engaged me to be in their air castle directed by WGN in their toy shop. For three summers I went to Mrs. MacDowell's restful colony at Peterborough, New Hampshire, where everyone works in quiet without any interruptions. Here I first wrote *Melindy's Medal*, which later John Becker re-arranged with me and brought this story of a little colored girl before the public. When it was first written the publishers did not care for a Negro story, but Melindy gained such favor when she was finally in book form that I was forced to give her a second story in *Melindy's Happy Summer*.



LOIS JEANNETTE FISHER — After being graduated from The University of Chicago I taught in a southern college for girls. However, since I wanted to get into business I left the South and took a business course. I became secretary to Professor Arthur Holly Compton, the atomic bomb specialist, went abroad with the Compton family, and lived a year in Oxford, England. Upon my return to the United States I continued with secretarial work which became increasingly irksome because some original creative work was aching to get out. While a secretary to the public relations director of Standard Oil of Indiana, I made original pop-up and trick greeting cards in my spare time and sold them at ten dollars apiece to Rust-Craft, Hallmark, etcetera. While secretary at a dairy company I painted cows all over the experimental kitchen wall, which led to

an assignment to do art work for the company. I then applied for a position as artist and copywriter for an advertising agency but withdrew my application when it was apparent that the position involved training in commercial art, of which I had none except what was available in the art department at The University of Chicago and an occasional night course in art schools in Chicago. The advertising agency personnel director refused to accept the withdrawal of my application and said, "You don't need to go to art school. You get the best training right on the firing line. You're hired." I wrote copy for petroleum companies, etcetera, and did commercial art work under the direction of the art and copy department of the advertising agency for a year, and was then offered a position as illustrator of a column in the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*. In 1945, when free-lance work outweighed the time for work in the advertising agency, I resigned and opened my own studio. I gave illustrated lectures, California to New York, on the United Nations and race and religious prejudice. At present I am giving lectures and doing an ABC network television show called "Lois and Looie" for children five days a week.



GENEVIEVE FOSTER — Oswego, New York, was my birthplace, but the childhood home that I remember is that of my grandparents, where my mother returned after the death of my father. It was an old four-story brick house, surrounded by a big lawn and a white picket fence, in the small town of Whitewater, Wisconsin. There, in the top of that old house, I had my first "studio" at the age of ten or eleven, in a long room filled with discarded pieces of Victorian furniture, wax fruit under glass, Civil War swords, and a host of other such family relics. After grammar and high school, I attended the University of Wisconsin and was graduated with a B.A. degree, after which I attended the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts for a year. Then I shared a studio in the Fine Arts Building and spent several years doing advertising and illustration, writing copy, making layouts as well as doing the drawings. All this experience I found of value in the planning and layout of the *World History* books when I finally came to write them. Long before I started to write *George Washington's World*,

I had had the idea in mind but not because history had been my favorite subject. Quite the contrary. As it was taught to me in school, with the story of each nation separate from the others, it had seemed complicated and confusing. Why not try to show a cross section of history, I thought. Why not take a short period, such as the span of a man's life and tell what was happening all over the world at that time, and how the events in various nations are related? That would make it easier, I felt sure, to understand events in the world today. Sorting out the facts and arranging them in this way I found and still find them fascinating and absorbing. And so I shall probably keep on writing these books and hope there will always be people who keep on wanting to read them. For many years my home has been in Evanston, Illinois. We came here in 1933 when my daughter Joanna was a baby and her brother "Tony" was a very small boy. He is named for his father, Orrington Foster, who died in 1945.





for children. I have just started a cartoon strip called "The Adventure of Flip" and am illustrating a serial, "The Cookie Jar," for *Children's Activities*.

ESTHER FRIEND—I was born in Hinsdale, Illinois, and have lived in or near Chicago all of my life. My art training was received at Vogue School; in night sketch classes at the Art Institute; and, for one year, at Paris art schools. I started work at Meyer Both Company as an apprentice. My art career began with illustrating stories for children's magazines—*Child Life* and *Children's Activities*. My first book illustration was done for Rand McNally and Company. Many of my ideas have been obtained by watching children at play in playgrounds and parks. About ten years ago my husband and I studied ceramics at Hull house. We now operate our own studio and kiln on the North Side and market products throughout the country. My hobby is collecting miniature books, which seem difficult to obtain. But my main interest will always be illustrating

MARGARET FRISKEY—I grew up in Moline, Illinois, and spent most of my summers with at least one foot in a boat of some kind—canoe, rowboat, duckboat, sailboat, or sandbarge. Then I came ashore and went to Northwestern University, married, and settled in Evanston where I have lived ever since. My three children took to the water so we sailed Lake Michigan in, progressively, a kyack, a catboat, a Star racing sloop, and a schooner. Somehow there were always books and boats, a happy combination. We built some of our own boats and wrote some of our own books. The children had certain specifications for both. They earnestly did what they could to make an author of me, but never really succeeded in getting me much beyond the primary level. Now the children are grown and I commute to Chicago every day to be the Editor of the *Childrens Press*.



children's murals, including the large murals on Mother Goose themes in the children's recreation room at Mt. Sinai Hospital, the circus murals in the Chicago loop office of Dr. Leo Frederick Miller, and a number of rumpus rooms. She has exhibited oils and watercolors nationally and locally, has a lovely studio in the heart of Chicago's North Side art colony, and is Mrs. Bert Ray in private life.

MARY GEHR, a Chicago girl, has had a rich and varied background of experience. After one year at Smith College she left to follow her first love, the theatre. After dancing for four years in the Chicago Opera Ballet and other groups—she created one of the original roles in the much publicized ballet, *Frankie and Johnny*—she decided to turn to another form of art expression, illustrating. While doing art work for an advertising concern she attended the Art Institute of Chicago and the Summer School of Painting at Saugatuck, Michigan. For the past five years she has largely confined her work to juvenile illustration, including pictures for several text and trade books, picture books, and many juvenile magazine stories. She has also designed and executed a number of chil-



FRUMA KASDA GOTTSCHALK — I was born in Samara, Russia, in 1909, but left there after the Revolution and settled for a while in Poland. Later I went to Germany to study music at the Conservatory of Leipsic. I studied piano with Max Pauer, a famous pedagogue at the conservatory, and thought seriously of devoting myself to music and of becoming a concert pianist. However, since my parents and my brothers were scattered all over the world because of the Revolution, I decided to find means of getting to America, where my father, who had lived previously in China during the Russian civil war, had settled with some members of his family. As soon as my father became an American citizen I was allowed to emigrate to America as a minor so I gave up my plans of becoming a pianist to become reunited with my family after many years of separation.

Although I spoke several foreign languages I knew little English when I arrived in the United States but I studied hard and learned it quickly. I travelled extensively in Europe before my arrival in the United States and have continued to do so since my marriage in 1930 to Louis Gottschalk, a University of Chicago history professor. We have visited many foreign countries — England, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland — and were in Russia and Poland for a short while before World War II. We also spent one summer in Mexico and have travelled extensively in the United States and less extensively in Canada, mostly for the purpose of fulfilling my husband's summer teaching engagements. Thus we have been able to see much of both Europe and America. During the war I taught Russian in an Army Training Student Program at The University of Chicago. In the spring and summer of 1949 we spent six months in Europe where my husband was exchange professor at the University of Frankfurt, Germany, and I managed The University of Chicago House there. My duties consisted mostly of arranging gatherings for faculty and students in order to establish better understanding between American and German scholars. On this occasion we visited Austria, England, and France, and travelled throughout the American Zone in Germany. I have been an American citizen since my arrival in the United States. We have two sons, Alexander, 18, and Paul, 11. My chief interests are my family, writing, and music. I have also taken an active part in the politics of my ward, the Fifth, in Chicago.



BRUCE GRANT — I was born on April 7, 1893, in Wichita Falls, Texas; later we moved to Louisville. In 1913, after two years at the University of Kentucky, I entered newspaper work with the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Thereafter I worked throughout the United States, but mainly in New York and Chicago, on major dailies. During World War I, I was a lieutenant in the 60th Field Artillery; during World War II, I served as bureau chief for the *Chicago Times* in London for two years and was War Correspondent for this paper with the First Army in the Normandy invasion. For thirteen years I worked for the *Chicago Times*, four of which I was City Editor. In 1922 and 1923 I received honorary mention in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories*. I have done considerable magazine writing of both articles and fiction. In 1931, *Tong War!*, a book about the Chinese

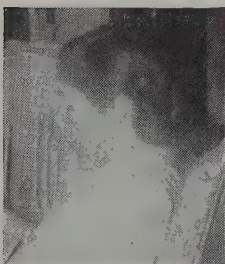
Tongs in America, was published. I have done a goodly amount of ghost writing, including the novelization of Anne Nichols' *Abie's Irish Rose*. I am a member of the Chicago Literary Club, Midland Authors, Nautical Research Guild, and Naval Historical Foundation. My hobbies include sailing, leather and rawhide braiding, and boat building. I am married and have one daughter aged fifteen.





MARION E. GRIDLEY was born in White Plains, New York. As a young girl she evidenced an interest in the American Indian, and this interest became a serious life-time study. Although she has explored the Indian cultures from many angles, her special interest became the legends and folklore. In these subjects she is considered an expert, not only by her own people but by the Indians as well. With an extensive background as secretary of the Indian Council Fire, a national organization devoted to Indian interests and Indian welfare, much of her work has been concerned with service personalized to human needs wherever Indians are. This work has brought her into contact with Indians in all walks of life. As a result of friendships thus gained she has received honors from different Indian tribes, among which are name-giving ceremonies by the Omaha, who bestowed Me-Um-Ba-Tay (Little Moonbeam) on her; and by the Winnebago, who called her Hum-Ba-Ga-Winga (Glory of the

Morning.) Patient investigation and an intense desire to understand, from the Indian's viewpoint, the traditions, customs, and ceremonies won the full confidence of her many Indian friends. She is the author of six books and has had many articles published in this country and in England on Indian subjects. She has received a number of honors for her authoritative writings, among them the Award of Merit of the Illinois Woman's Press Association. In addition to her writing, she is a lecturer of note. In 1936, she toured Denmark in connection with an Indian presentation and was received by the King in a ten-minute audience. She has been a Chicagoan since 1919, but has traveled extensively, since travel is a favorite form of relaxation. Indians and Indian work are an avocation. Her vocation is publicity and public relations, and she presently serves in this capacity with the National Society for Medical Research.



MILDRED HARK, who has been writing and acting since the age of eight when she staged original dramas in her own backyard, recently received letters from twelve children who had produced a play in Spokane, Washington. It was a Book Week play by Mildred and her husband, Noel McQueen, entitled, *Ghosts in the Library*. The children enclosed snapshots of the cast and the set and made many interesting comments, mostly to the effect: "It was a real neat play!" Hark and McQueen plays, which appear regularly in *Plays Magazine*, are produced in schools from coast to coast, but these comments from their severest critics were a great thrill to the authors. Mildred Hark was born in the Midwest town of LaMoure, North Dakota, and remembers that when there weren't enough playmates handy for the casts of her backyard productions, pet animals were pressed

into service and lines written for them. Of course, some authorities on the child mind insist that animals shouldn't be personalized, but Mildred finds that children still like to hear about animals that talk. Every now and then she tells stories to boys and girls in settlement houses and they shout for more. One true story the children like to hear is about the cat who rings a bell. The McQueen's pet cat announces his entrance in this way. Mildred's husband rigged up a fisherman's bell with cord and tassel attached, and guests at the McQueens are often surprised to hear the merry tinkle, and even more surprised when the door is opened and the cat walks in. This cat, who has had an exciting life, was lost for four weeks in the zero weather, and provided the basis for the recently published children's story book by Hark and McQueen, *The Good Luck Cat*. Mildred attended dramatic school in Cincinnati, at the same time acting in stage plays there. Her writing career began in Chicago when her first radio play, *The Final Curtain*, was produced on NBC. She also acted in the play. It was while writing radio plays that Mildred met Noel McQueen, and they started collaborating. This collaboration became permanent in more ways than one for they were married in May, 1940. Since 1941, they have probably had more children's plays published than anyone else in the country. They have sold over one hundred of them to *Plays Magazine* alone. Two books of their children's plays have already been published and a third is now being prepared for publication. Hark and McQueen's stories, plays, and verse for children also appear in such magazines as *Children's Activities* and *Scholastic Magazine*.



**RUTH HARSHAW** — In my years as teacher, principal, and supervisor I became convinced that my greatest interest was in the promotion of wide reading among children. Although I had written a book on Greek mythology called *Council of the Gods* and a story on the Viking civilization called *Reindeer of the Waves*, which was a Literary Guild choice, I gave up all thought of books I had wanted to write and began devoting myself to ways of leading children to read the valuable books other people had written. Working towards this goal I planned a quiz program on children's books. This became "The Battle of Books," sponsored by the Radio Council and the Division of Libraries of the Chicago Public Schools, and has been on the air since 1938. In 1946 I worked out another reading promotion radio program, "Carnival of Books," which is carried on a sustaining basis by the National Broadcasting Company. *What Book Is That?*, which Dilla MacBean and I planned together, is based on the

radio program, "Battle of Books." It tells how and why it is presented and contains sample questions used on the program and sample sketches from the books presented each week. My interest in children's reading has been stimulated by experience with my four children and grandchildren. Leading children to an interest in wide reading is the most important job of the elementary school.



**MARGUERITE HENRY** — A curious thing happened one spring to a flock of ducks owned by a neighbor of ours. Driving rains washed all of their nests and eggs down the creek — all but one egg. The lone egg hatched out and instead of the usual spring sight of the mother ducks, each with a trail of little ducklings, there was one yellow duckling with a whole formation of mammas waddling along behind him. The lone duckling seemed especially favored; he had so many mammas to teach him how to swim and dive and hunt and fish. In many ways my childhood was similar to the lucky duckling's. I was born into a family of three sisters — two full grown — and a grown brother, so instead of having one mother to hover over me it seemed as if I had a whole flock of mammas and two papas! If I called out the window to a playmate, "Mamma says I can't go with you today," the answer usually was, "Ask one of your other mammas." We lived in a modest little home in Milwaukee and no youngster had a happier period of growing up. Marie, my oldest sister, made my

dresses, embroidered and sashed in blue, and gave me music lessons. Elsie taught me the doorknob method of pulling teeth and provided an allowance from her nursing stipend, which was all the more exciting because of its irregularity. Fred, my big brother, used to take my hand and run with me, so that I flew through space in the most astounding manner, like a creature who could glide without wings. And Gertrude, who was nearest in age, became my mother confessor. When I reached through the fence and took a sprig of parsley out of Alderman Smith's garden I came to her, my conscience pricking so sharply I couldn't go to sleep at night. She told me I'd sleep fine if I went back and told the alderman how sorry I was. She was right! I still go to her, hopefully, with each story I write. Editors could be wrong, but not Gertrude. Papa was a printer and his shop a wondrous place. Presses whirled. Long sheets of paper streamed out of them. They went in clean and came out covered over with words. Papa's desk was more exciting than Pandora's box. It yielded big fat tablets of colored paper — pink, green, yellow, and blue — and bundles of pencils that wrote in a big swathe; no thin, gray, inconspicuous lines came out of papa's pencils. Everyone noticed when Papa wrote. And everyone listened when he yodeled or sang folk songs or recited whole passages from Shakespeare. Mamma wore starched white shirtwaists and carried her head like an Arabian mare. When she went to a party, we all danced attendance. One found her handbag, another brought her hat, her coat. In snow-time we brought out her boots and put them on for her. We were proud of mamma! The only horse we had was Bonnie, by name but not disposition. She was flighty and had a habit of biting my brother in the breeches. She was sold without my ever really knowing her. In fact, I had to wait until I grew up to learn about horses. Now my husband and I have a tiny plot of land near Wayne, Illinois. Here we keep Misty, a Chincoteague pony, and Friday, a Morgan horse. And usually there is a pleasant coming and going of neighboring school children who come to see Misty and help to choose the titles for my books.





RALPH HENRY — I was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, and started my book-selling career within a few days after leaving high school. The first job was with the Pettis Dry Goods Company. Because I spent every free moment in the book aisles, the manager finally said, "See here, if you are going to hang around all the time you may as well work here." Everyone was satisfied and I was happy. From there I went to the retail store of the Bowen-Merrill Company. This was in the very early years of the present century. All Indiana people knew that the world of current American literature was centered in their home state. They pointed with justifiable pride to James Whitcomb Riley, the poet; Lew Wallace (*Ben Hur*); Booth Tarkington, novelist, playwright, writer of all kinds of books; Charles Major whose *Bears of Blue River* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* were very best sellers; Edward Eggleston of *Hoosier Schoolboy* fame; Bill Nye, humorist and friend and lecture platform associate of Riley's; George Ade; the McCutcheon brothers; John and George Barr and many

more. I came to know many of these authors well and to meet them all when they were book shopping. James Whitcomb Riley lived near my home and liked all the neighborhood children, so we were well acquainted later when we met over the Bowen-Merrill book counter and he was their top author. From there I went to San Antonio for five years as manager of two different book stores. Opportunity beckoned from Richmond, Virginia. In 1911 I came to Chicago to Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company as buyer for the Book Department. It is my belief that the promotion of books for children is the best way, in the long run, to develop readers and reading habits. It is essential that good reading habits are formed at the earliest moment with the aid and encouragement of bookstores, schools, libraries, homes, and parent-teacher organizations. I married Emma Hess, also a Hoosier, in Indianapolis on June 27, 1906; we have one daughter Dorothy.



FRANCES DUNLAP HERON — Just as Christmas festivity was fading away I put in my appearance on a farm near Fulton, Missouri, on December 26, 1906. When I was eight my family moved to a farm nearer town so that their three children might have the advantages of higher education. From the day in sixth grade when my poem on "Spring" was judged the best in the class, I was determined to be a writer. At the age of thirteen I offered the publishers a novelette, *Wooring, Waiting and Winning*, but they did not seem to appreciate its merits. In 1923 I was graduated with top honors from the Fulton High School. For the next two years I attended William Woods College, a junior college located at Fulton. When I was graduated in 1925 I ranked first in the class and received a scholarship to the University of Missouri.

That fall I entered the university's famed School of Journalism and sat in class under Dean Walter Williams. Upon graduation in 1927 I received the school's special distinction prize for women in journalism. Having been editor of a student religious publication on the campus, I accepted an offer of an editorial job with the Christian Board of Publication in St. Louis. From 1927 to 1931 I served on its editorial staff, giving major attention to the *Front Rank*, a Sunday school paper for young people and adults. On June 17, 1931, I married Laurence T. Heron, then on the staff of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. In 1933 he was offered a position on the *Chicago Tribune*, with which paper he has been associated ever since. During the war he was editor of the *Chicago Overseas Tribune*. At present he is editor of the Canadian edition of the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*. He holds a Master's Degree from Washington University, St. Louis, and did a year's graduate study at Syracuse University. We have four children: Marion Susan, Alfred Tunstall, Eleanor Frances, and Donald Meriwether. The two oldest are in college. During 1937-38 I held a part-time job of handling publicity for the International Council of Religious Education. In 1944 I became home editor of the *Christian Advocate*, a position I still hold. Through the years I have written innumerable articles, stories, skits, and leaflets in the field of religious education. My work has appeared in publications of many denominations and in some secular publications. My first book, *Betty Ann, Beginner*, was published in 1930. It was written as the diary of a little girl to reveal good and bad methods of Sunday school teaching. During 1950 I had two children's books published. *The Busy Berrys* tells the story of a newspaper man's family suddenly transplanted to a new industrialized community. *With My Whole Heart* shows seven of the ten commandments at work in the lives of young Ricky and his sister Kathy.



MILDRED LYON HETHERINGTON is a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago and worked with Wayman Adams at his summer school in the Adirondacks. She also studied painting with Leopold Seiffert, Charles Hawthorne, Charles Kinghan, and Andrew Loomis. She has had six onè-man exhibits of portraits in various galleries in Chicago as well as Beloit College, Wisconsin. She specializes in portraits of children in oil and pastel.



EDWARD BUELL HUNGERFORD — The twentieth century and I began within a few days of each other, but I seem to have gone backward, as my books have been written first about the nineteenth century and next about the eighteenth. Connecticut was my home, New Britain for winter and school, the Berkshires and seashore for summer vacations. Enterprises which I remember with most pleasure were a pair of hiking trips through a great part of New England, and a pair of money-making jobs, one selling victrola records — I listened to more than I sold — the other as a receiving clerk in a hardware factory. My college studies began at Trinity, in Hartford, at a time when the colleges were training camps for the First World War. I drilled with the others and learned how to clean an old Springfield rifle left over from the Spanish-American War. The Armistice came in a few months, and it was not until a quarter century later that I resumed drilling and learned how to fire a deadlier and larger gun. College life was fun and not very hard in those days. I graduated without honors but a

year ahead of time. I recall that most of my energy went into long distance running — five miles a day, sometimes ten — which made me healthy and skinny. At Harvard I studied and taught until 1928, when I had taken the degrees expected of prospective college teachers. My years there were pleasantly interrupted by a year's teaching at Beloit, Wisconsin, and by two trips abroad. Both of the latter were at the generosity of a fellowship donor, one of whose endowments sent me to England under the benign injunction of "seeing the cathedral towns," the other of which gave me the opportunity to travel on the continent, take a long bicycle trip through England, and write a Ph. D. thesis on Shakespeare at the library of the British Museum. One of my Harvard summers was spent at Old York, Maine, where, at what seemed a fabulous salary, I tutored a little rich boy for half an hour a week in Latin, and spent the remainder of the time riding horseback, swimming in a private pool which was adorned with vines and a Greek temple and surrounded with beds of heliotrope, and in driving about to explore the Maine countryside in a car assigned to me and my protégé. I left Harvard with a divided admiration for research scholarship and for writing, the first acquired from that captivating patriarch of erudition, Professor Kittridge, the second from Dean Lebaron Russell Briggs, whom I dearly loved but whose advice that I become a story writer I did not follow until many years later. Libraries — I had by this time worked in most of the world's most remarkable ones — had become a kind of adventure for me. When I joined the staff of the English department at Northwestern University I threw myself with energy and delight into literary research, publishing first a series of articles about some of the nineteenth century Americans and then a larger study, *Shores of Darkness*, about classical influences on the poets of the romantic period. The war shook a good deal of the academic out of me, and — rather unexpectedly — I found myself engaged in livelier adventures and with livelier and younger companions than I had encountered through learned journals. In the Navy I served first at the training center at Great Lakes, then as an Armed Guard officer at sea in the Pacific. Afterwards I began writing books for boys — sea stories based on famous episodes in history. In them I have passed through many perilous and exciting adventures well worth the telling.





ELIZABETH ORTON JONES was born in Highland Park, Illinois, where she spent her childhood. She attended school at the House in the Pines, was graduated from The University of Chicago, attended the Chicago Art Institute School, was graduated from E'cole des Beaux Arts at Fontainebleau, France, and studied under Liausu in Paris. Miss Jones feels that she inherited her pleasure in making books for children from her grandfather Orton who had a bookstore in Geneva, New York. He loved everything about books — the make-up as well as the content. Because he loved children too he was always writing stories and plays for them. Like him, Miss Jones was always drawing and making up stories; when she grew up she found her greatest pleasure in making children's books. Her

parents exposed their children to good literature, music, art, and to the democratic way of life through contacts with people of different nationalities and walks of life. This is reflected in *Maminka's Children* which describes two Bohemian children reared in the Jones homes, and *Twig*, the story of a chauffeur's daughter. In 1945 Miss Jones received the Caldecott Medal for her illustrations of Rachel Field's *Prayer for a Child*. She is the daughter of Jessie Orton whose biography follows.



JESSIE ORTON JONES — I was born in Lacon, Illinois, where my family had a summer cottage and small farm. The house and garden were to become the background for my book, *Secrets*. Elizabeth, my daughter, illustrated it with what seems to me rare intuition regarding her mother's childhood. She also illustrated the preceding book, *Small Rain*, which was a result of my experience teaching in nursery schools during the war. So much was heard at that time about the child's need for security. Since it was impossible to change home conditions dislocated by war, it seemed necessary to seek a source of security beyond the human level. I felt I might draw inspiration from the *Bible*, arranging some of its verses in cadences and sequences that would carry comfort into a child's mind. With the help of Elizabeth's happy pictures I believe many children have been helped by *Small Rain*. Our next book was another Biblical one, *A Little Child*, for

which I also arranged a Pageant Text. Later on I felt there was need for a book of *Bible* selections presenting the basic tenets of Christianity for older children. This book is *Many Mansions*, illustrated by Lynd Ward. All this writing has been recent. Before that time, I was raising my family. Besides our artist, Elizabeth Orton, we have a son, Thomas Orton, and a daughter Annette Reynolds who is married and has a fine little boy. Until two years ago, we lived in Highland Park. Now the children have left us, and Mr. Jones and I are living in Chicago where we both grew up.



MARY ALICE JONES — All my life I have been interested in religion and in telling stories to boys and girls. Early in my career I edited a story paper for boys and girls. Whenever I guessed wrong on the length of a story and had a few lines of blank space to fill in I would write a little script and put in under the by-line, "A. B. G." This meant, "A Bad Guess!" From this beginning in writing for publication I wrote a number of short stories for children for various periodicals, a great many books for youth in the church school classes, and so on. While I was with the International Council of Religious Education as the Director of Children's Work I traveled a great deal, held a great many conferences, conducted a great many meetings, and in other ways met a large number of parents and teachers of children interested in the religious future of boys and girls. I found that some questions were being asked parents and teachers over and over by boys and girls. Out of this experience came the idea for the "Tell Me" books which dealt with the actual questions the boys and girls all over the

country had been asking their parents and teachers. My latest book, *His Name Was Jesus*, was written out of a feeling of concern that boys and girls should know more about the everyday life of Jesus as he lived it among his fellow countrymen. It is my conviction that there was never a more dramatic life and yet often boys and girls have not had any of the feeling of drama. They

have been told stories of Jesus piecemeal, as it were, and so have not had an impression of the total life. Though this book doesn't deal with all of the essential phases of the life and work of Jesus, it does try to present a continuing picture of the life he led among men. I have traveled a great deal, having been in all of the states of the United States, all the provinces of Canada, England, most of the countries of Europe, and through Central and South America. I have always tried to get in touch with the people interested in children's books in these countries and have had some delightful experiences meeting children's authors. I was present in Bogota, Colombia, in 1949 at the opening of the first children's library in the country. One of the most thrilling experiences an author can have is to see her books in a foreign language translation. One of my books has been translated into six languages and another into three.



CLARA INGRAM JUDSON — My first book was a group of fairy stories written to please my children, and myself. Their teachers liked the tales so eventually I sent a copy to Rand McNally where they were accepted. Writing for publication seemed simple. Not until years later did I learn that mine were among the earliest of the realistic stories that ended the too long area of sentimentalism in children's books. In the interval between these tales and their publication, I initiated a syndicated daily newspaper feature for children; then did considerable other newspaper and magazine writing and, following my first, wrote many more books. During the first World War the U. S. Treasury Department sent me to most of the large high schools in Illinois to speak in the educational campaign for War Bonds. This work led to the field of lecturing for, after the war, I was in meetings, women's clubs, adult classes in universities and colleges, etcetera; meetings, women's clubs, adult courses in universities and colleges, etcetera; with the coming of radio I began broadcasting. My subject matter related to the business side of homemaking and to child training. This interesting

work brought me in touch with a great variety of people and increased my knowledge of America. So in time I decided to devote all my energy to the writing of books, for young readers, about our country — its people and its leaders. At first I was especially interested in the unique contribution the foreign born have made to our national character and I planned to write junior novels for the middle junior grades, each book to show people of a certain nation, their reasons for migrating, their skills and character, and the way they were received in the place they chose as a new home. Such would be regional books of a new sort. Houghton Mifflin accepted the plan and have published seven titles. As I studied our country I came to see that good leadership is vital in national development so it was natural that I should think of biography. I enjoyed the study needed for *Pioneer Girl*, published in 1939, and since then have written several biographies, including *Abraham Lincoln*, *Friend of the People* and *City Neighbor*, *The Story of Jane Addams*. As for personal statistics — I was born in Logansport, Indiana, and moved to Indianapolis when I was six. My three brothers and I were educated in the public schools and I had a final year in the Girls' Classical School, after which I taught second grade in the public schools. Soon after I married James M. Judson we moved to Richmond, Indiana. We have two daughters, now married and living on the North Shore, and four grandchildren. We moved to Chicago in 1914 and later to Evanston, where I continue to live since my husband's death six years ago. In 1948 Theta Sigma Phi presented to me their Headliner Award for my books about the foreign born in America. In 1949 *The Green Ginger Jar* won a Boys' Club Award and the second place in a contest sponsored by the Committee on the Art of Democratic Living. Three of my books have been choices of the Junior Literary Guild. My list of published books at the end of 1950 numbers sixty-two. If you wonder whether I enjoy writing for children, the answer is, "I do!"





LAURA KERR was born in Chicago in 1904. She was graduated from The University of Chicago in 1925. While still in college she was married to William D. Kerr, an investment banker, and likewise a graduate of The University of Chicago. They have four children: Nancy, an artist, recently married; Jackie, a sophomore at the University of Colorado; Bill, Jr., a senior in high school; and Kendra, aged ten. Her latest book, *Lady in the Pulpit*, published in April of this year, is an adult biography. The cover was designed by her artist daughter.



MARTHA GWINN KISER—I was born and reared by various folks in Bloomfield, a southern Indiana town, which is the locale of all my juvenile books. I loved books and school, the country roads, and the fields and woods surrounding the town, but I wasn't very fond of the people. I was an orphan and I must have been afraid of them. But I "saw through them" and when I got big I put them all in books, as you who read them have seen. In the juvenile books I have made all my dreams of that day come true. The happy things that happen in the pages never did happen, except in my own mind and heart. Just a hard loser, I guess, so I just made things turn out beautiful. When I was seventeen I came to Chicago and worked — at Sears Roebuck, of course. I knew them. I had "owned" every dress

and hat and brooch and beautiful thing on their pages all my life. I went to Crane night school for three years, two nights a week, and, after marriage, to Proviso night school for three years, two nights a week, where I studied advertising, fiction writing, and journalism. My first sale was to a grocery magazine in Chicago. Following that I sold to more than a hundred trade magazines — grocery, restaurant, hardware, confectionery, general retail, and writer's throughout the years, furnishing a regular monthly article for some for as long as three or four years. But I was not very fortunate in selling fiction though I was steadily pounding it out. *Woman's Day*, *People's Home Journal*, *Today's Housewife*, and *Home Friend Magazine* bought some stories. Five years ago Longmans Green bought my first first book, *Sylvia Sings of Apples*; later they also published *Rosanna* and *Gay Melody*. These three are not juveniles; they are teen-age, vocational books in the period of 1837-47 and the locale is Concord, Massachusetts, where Thoreau, Louisa Alcott and her "Pa" Bronson, Ralph Emerson, and all such worthy philosophers and dreamers lived at that time. They are characters in my books. In 1947 I sold the first of my four juveniles, *Rainbow for Me*, to Random House. *Sunshine for Merrily* and *Roses for Bonny-Bell*, illustrated by *Tribune's* Becky, followed; last November Westminster Press published *The Wishing Starrs*. Now in Random's office is *The Pink Surprise* and it may surprise me more than anybody else, any day, back at the door from which it started so "pinkly." I have done a great deal of adult fiction; much is sent but little is chosen. A book of Bloomfield ballads about this same town and its people — which I call *These Are My People* and have written with love and never "with my tongue in my cheek," as Bertha Gunterman of Longmans said I never wrote — and a novel rest at ease in my bottom desk drawer.



JIM KJELGAARD — I was born December 5, 1910, in New York City. At the age of three my father, a country doctor, moved his family to the Black Forest region of Pennsylvania. I grew up in the Black Forest, where I had various jobs, such as trapper, hunter, guide, teamster, laborer, cook in a lumber camp, and forest fire warden. I have been a professional writer for about ten years and now live in Thiensville, Wisconsin. I am married to a beautiful girl and am the proud father of one daughter, Karen, who is almost as lovely as her mother.



JULILLY H. KOHLER was brought up in Kentucky and Tennessee until high school years, which were spent in Evansville, Indiana. She was graduated from Wellesley College in 1930 with a degree in French Literature and then went abroad for six months. Like many college graduates in that first stage of the Depression, she used her degree to work at Marshall Field and Company for a year, where she did promotion work and lectured to Women's Clubs in the Chicago area. She married in 1933, went abroad, and then settled in Chicago for five years where her first two children were born. After moving to Kohler, Wisconsin, where her husband's work was located, Mrs. Kohler lived ten years on a farm where she found the background for the children's stories which she began to write. She is interested in dramatics, acting in the Community Players, and in the A. A. U. W. and Women's Club. She has done a great deal of lecturing, mainly on the subject of children's reading, at Book Fairs, Parent-Teacher Associations, and A. A. U. W's around eastern Wisconsin. She has had short stories published in *Story Parade*, *Child Life*, and *Jack and Jill*, and an

article in the *American Library Journal* and in *McCall's Magazine* on "My Cure for the Comics." She now has four children and lives in Kohler Village, Wisconsin.



REBECCA FALCONER KREHBIEL, "BECKY" — Drawing has always carried a great personal satisfaction for me. It was my favorite course all through school. Later I attended the Art Institute of Chicago and the Chicago Academy before starting as an artist for The Toy Tinkers Company in my home town of Evanston. It was while writing a personal letter which I illustrated with little stick figures that first gave me the idea for "Dear Diary." I perfected the idea and the *Chicago Tribune* accepted it. One of my hobbies has been sketching children, some of which the *Tribune* published as part of their Christmas Book Section. Soon I found myself an illustrator of children's books! *The Perky Little Engine* and *Roses for Bonnie Bell* are two of the latest books I illustrated. In 1948 I married Evans L. Krehbiel, also an artist, and we work together on many of our assignments.

A future reader for our books arrived in August, 1950. His name is Courtney Evans Krehbiel and he is one of our severest critics and taskmasters. We have our home in Park Ridge, where I have a studio and do most of my drawings.





ISABELLE LAWRENCE — I was happily educated at Radcliffe and Harvard, spending four years also with Professor George Pierce Baker at his famous 47 Workshop Dramatic Course. It was an interesting group then, including John Mason Brown, who was the hero of my play; the late Phil Barry; Tom Wolfe, who had a play that year; Donald Oenslager, already dreaming us beautiful sets; and Dorothy Heyward, who was soon to help her husband stage his *Porgy* and *Mamba's Daughters*. She had a play in New York last winter, too. Anything to do with plays is my second hobby. I've been acting in, writing, producing, enjoying plays ever since. As a matter of fact I started my stage career as the melancholy Jacques of *As You Like It* in a school play at the age of nine. It was a sweet spring day, the windows were all open but unscreened, and a true Forest of Arden atmosphere was furnished by the mosquitoes. I always see my stories in terms of

scenes and dialogue, and make sets for them. I had a marvelous time with the chariot race in "The Gift of the Golden Cup." Until coming to Chicago I was dramatic and literary critic for the *Boston Transcript* under the famous Edwin F. Edgett and "H. T. P." They used to send me down to New York to interview the great. On my first such expedition, very young and new, I interviewed Christopher Morley, who took me to the "Three Hours for Lunch Club" and not only gave me his opinions — slowly, so I could get them down — but even asked for mine! The *Transcript* folded after I came to Chicago, no connection, but its ghost still walks. On the strength of my former connection with it I found myself in the front row of the Press Gallery at the House of Commons last year. I also spent quite a lot of spare time talking to Women's Clubs and educational institutions. I have likewise appreciated tremendously the children's radio programs here. Twice Mrs. Ruth Harshaw and her splendid NBC crew have dramatized two of my stories, and last fall *Two for the Show* was again on Norma Rathburn's charming "Authors and Young Moderns" program in Milwaukee. They were all enormous fun. At the Girls Latin School of Chicago I teach history, world affairs, and some dramatics. Working with various levels I've come to realize the dearth of good historical fiction at the junior high school level, and have tried to make the past live again in their imaginations. *The Gift of the Golden Cup* and the *Theft of the Golden Ring* are about the niece and nephew of Julius Caesar in mad adventures with Pompey's pirates, an underground movement in Greece, buried treasure in Pompeii; they live the normal lives of Roman children in between times. In *Two for the Show* a pair of stout-hearted lads from Plymouth find their dangerous way through the England of Drake, Raleigh, Shakespeare, to old London Town within its wall, where Nat acts in the first production of *Richard II*. Last year I flew over ten thousand miles for material for the new book.



FREDERIC NELSON LITTEN was born in Chicago and educated at Lewis Institute, now the Illinois Institute of Technology. His engineering career covered a period of eighteen years. The nature of his work varied; it included mining engineering in the United States and Mexico, and the construction of power dams, gas and electric plants throughout the United States. He built and operated small battery plate manufacturing plants in Chicago, Nashville, and Houston during the years 1919-1920. In 1926 he began writing fiction — short stories — as an avocation. He sold the eighth story written and within two years his earnings from fiction justified a shift from engineering to authorship so he disposed of his interest in a battery manufacturing plant to give full time to writing. During his first year as a full-time free lance writer he sold many semi-technical feature articles to such publications as *Factory and Industrial Management*, but soon turned to the fiction field only. Editorial contacts have resulted in

interesting fiction assignments. In 1927 he was sent to Kelly Field, United States Air Training Center, took the cadet training, learned to fly, wrote *Rhodes of the Flying Cadets* and many short stories in this milieu. In 1929 he wintered with a Forest Ranger in the Arizona Mountains and wrote *Sunup on the Range* and a number of short stories of the West. In 1930 and 1931 he lived in Europe, Asia, and Africa, visiting twenty-eight countries in all. He wrote many adventure stories using foreign settings. In 1933 he was sent to Haiti on a fiction assignment with the United States Marine Air Corps. In 1935 he summured in Mexico in the mining districts and wrote fiction having to do with mine transport via air. In the summer and fall of 1937 he was sent to Alaska and secured material for two books, *Air Trails North* and *Pilot of the North Country*. In 1939 he made flights in a private plane over the Atlantic coast to get material for *Transatlantic Pilot*. In the summer of 1941 he visited Canadian airports and made flights leading

to a new series of air stories. During 1937-1938 he served as Assistant Editor of *The American Boy*, in charge of a projected radio development, and wrote a series of adventure scripts. In 1945-1946 he developed various radio programs including *Island Venture* sponsored by the Wrigley Company. From 1939 to date he has lectured in the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University. At present he teaches five classes in creative writing on the Evanston and Chicago campuses. He is chairman of the Fiction Department, with a rank of Associate Professor. His hobbies are aviation and anything mechanical. He is a member of the Cliff Dwellers and The Arts, and President of the Society of Midland Authors and of the Midwestern Writers Conference. His wife is the niece of the noted educator Albert G. Lane. One son, Chapin, a graduate of Yale Law School, served four years with the Navy in World War II and was discharged after VJ Day with the rank of Lieutenant Commander, thirteen battle stars, and a citation by Admiral Halsey. He is now with the law firm of Gordon, Buckley, and Edmonds of Chicago.



**DILLA W. MACBEAN** — Little did I dream when I was in high school and serving as a "page" in the Public Library in the old home town that some day I would find myself in the second largest city of the country directing the library service in its four hundred schools. I do not like to count the years between, and yet I cherish each one with the varied experiences, and the climb up the hill. After graduation from Northwestern University I served as assistant children's librarian in Sioux City, Iowa, the town of my birth. Soon I realized the need of professional education, and in fifteen months I was enrolled as a student in Carnegie Library School of Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh. The following year I served as assistant librarian at Allegheny High School in that city, but soon returned to the Middle West where I organized the library at Hinsdale Township High School. In successive years I organized the professional library at

the headquarters of the American Library Association in Chicago, and served as librarian at Deerfield Shields High School in Highland Park, another suburb of Chicago. Seven years elapsed when I changed professions to that of homemaker and had fun with my husband and my two sons. But my "first love" had a hold on me and I returned to the library in another suburban high school. All of this was preparatory to the big venture! Sixteen years ago I came to the administrative offices of the Chicago Board of Education to organize a headquarters library of educational and professional materials. Never a dull moment since then! Between managing the home and endeavoring to steer the course for library service in the elementary schools, the experiences have been exciting and varied, including the responsibility of the sponsorship of a WPA project, training teachers for librarianship through courses in several local colleges and universities, working for my master's degree in education, and initiating the program in the grade schools. Splendid leadership and encouragement have been given me by the many school administrators in the system during these years, culminating in the confidence Chicago's General Superintendent of Schools expressed when he recommended to the Board of Education my assuming the position of Director of the Division of Libraries in May 1948. It all has been fun, inspiring and worthwhile, with lots of hard work combined, but I wouldn't change these many years one iota.



**ELLEN MACGREGOR** — After graduation from the University of Washington Library School in Seattle, I engaged in library work, first as librarian of the Senior High School of Salem, Oregon; then as cataloger at the Natrona County Public Library of Casper, Wyoming; and later as cataloger at the Tulare County Free Library of Visalia, California. A three-week trip to Hawaii turned into a three-year stay as librarian-at-large of elementary schools of the Central Hawaii School District of Hilo, Hawaii, and later cataloger at the Hilo Library of Hilo, Hawaii. During World War II, I was librarian of the Naval Operating Base at Key West, Florida, and later of the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Chicago, Illinois. I have organized a bank library and done research in children's literature. My publications, in addition to the book *Tommy and the Telephone*, include juvenile stories in *Junior*, *Pictures and Stories*, *Highlights for Children*, *Story World*, and *The Instructor*; adult stories in *Liberty* and *Family Digest*; and occasional verse. I am a member of the

Illinois Woman's Press Association, National Federation of Press Women, Society of Midland Authors, and the Children's Reading Round Table.





FIORE MASTRI — Although a free lance illustrator, he enjoys doing drawings for children. One of the books which he has especially enjoyed illustrating is *Cowboy Encyclopedia*. At times he is assisted by his wife, Jacki, who is a still-life painter. She was born in Canada; Fiore was born in Italy.



ESTHER K. MEEKS — I wrote my first picture book for children on a trolley car! During World War II the need for increased transportation facilities became so desperate that about every streetcar whose wheels would move was put back into service. One morning as I was riding in a car I was struck by its particularly ancient vintage. I had been familiar with streetcars since I was five years old, and thought I had seen everything, but this car was really an antique. As the car made its way down Wabash Avenue, I thought, "What interesting events this old car has witnessed; what stories it could tell if it could talk!" Then it occurred to me that such a story could be a vehicle for showing children the growth of a city through a half century — the changes in transportation, architecture, styles, etcetera. So then and there I started writing the story, illustrating it as I went, with my own extraordinary pictures. I finished it on the train as I went home. *The Little Red Car* was published in 1945, with illustrations by Ernie King. During Book Week, 1950, when I was autographing books in Scruggs, Vandervoort, and Barney in St. Louis, Ruth Bostwick, Chil-

dren's Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library, mentioned *The Little Red Car* to me. A very charming woman who was looking over the books on the table before me burst out, "Are you the Esther Meeks who wrote *The Little Red Car*? Each of my children has loved it, and worn the book to shreds." We went on to a very pleasant visit. Needless to say, these are the incidents that furnish the greatest satisfaction to a children's author — meeting people who have sincerely enjoyed her books and remembered them over a period of years. *One Is the Engine* has probably been the most popular I've written. This idea came to me as I was struggling with the washing of small boys' blue jeans! *Fireman Casey* was inspired by a cousin of mine, an engineer on a fireboat in New York City. *Playland Pony* is a true story that happened in a little "kiddyland" not far from my home. I have been writing since I was twelve, and I have two long, unpublished novels in addition to my picture books. Writing is the thing I've always liked best. I didn't really expect to be an editor! But the fact is that for ten years I've spent most of my time working on other people's books. I am children's book editor for Wilcox and Follett Company of Chicago. It gives me great pride and satisfaction to work with authors like Edward B. Hungerford, Clara Ingram Judson, Anna Pistorius, Carol Hoff, Eugenia Stone, and others. Another activity I enjoy very much is being a judge of children's manuscripts entered in the annual Charles W. Follett Award competition. For a little personal history, I was educated in private schools. I got the "writing bug" all by myself. No one bequeathed it to me, nor did anyone inspire me, except possibly the authors of the books I loved to read. I am married to a sociologist. We have two sons and we live in our own big house in Beverly Hills, in southwest Chicago. I like to keep house and cook, too!



HELEN MITCHELL was born in Paris, Illinois, and has been a devoted Illinoisan ever since, even though she has lived out of the state at times. After studying at Northwestern University and The University of Chicago she finished her education at the University of Oklahoma and later studied typography under Frederick Goudy in New York. She taught the fourth grade in Oak Park, Illinois, then joined the editorial staff of Row, Peterson and Company. The remainder of her business life has been devoted to educational publishing. She has "made" practically every kind of elementary textbook as well as numerous high school texts. Among other things, she was the Associate Managing Editor of what is now *Britannica, Jr.* and is the author of many of the so-called "feature" articles in the *World Book*. In addition, she planned all the illustrations for the new edition of the *World Book* and was head of the Photograph Department, in which capacity she personally handled at least two million prints. She knows educational publishing from start to finish — from planning, through writing, rewriting, editing, and planning and purchasing illustrations to purchasing printing, engravings, and binding. She has been engaged in free

lance writing and editing for the last few years, having written many articles for young people as well as *Ships That Made U. S. History*. Before writing the book she spent an entire year in collecting the vast amount of material from which she culled information. Miss Mitchell feels that practically every subject is interesting if one will really explore it, although she finds those of an historical nature by far the most fascinating. She says, "After all, there's nothing so romantic as facts and where can more exciting ones be found than those connected with America's colorful history." She lives on the Near North Side in Chicago but spends a great deal of her time in the Newberry, Chicago Public, and other libraries digging out facts — just now for the new book she is writing.



VIRGINIA MOE was born in Chicago, Illinois. Her father, Ingwald Moe, a building contractor, was born in Norway; her mother Louisa is of German parentage. Virginia attended school in Gary, Indiana, and the Kenwood Loring School for Girls in Chicago, from which she was graduated. She has been at the Trailside Museum of Natural History in River Forest, which is a part of the Cook County Forest Preserve District, since 1939. Her early memories include the wonderful days at their beach cottage in the Dunes, which she still loves better than any other place in the world. It was here she learned to swim, took walks along the beach collecting stones and other flotsam, and learned the names of wild flowers from her mother. Among her favorite books were *The Book of Knowledge*, *Beautiful Joe*, *Black Beauty*, *The Water Babies*, and *The Jungle*

*Books*. She still enjoys reading young people's books, especially nature and animal stories. In addition to writing *Animal Inn*, which was published in a British edition by George G. Harrup and Company, Limited in 1950 and also in an English Braille edition, she wrote the chapter entitled "Animals of Fields and Woods" for the *Childcraft* edition of 1949.



ROBERT E. MOORE is a marketing and public relations consultant, writer, and lecturer. He is associated with C. Wendell Muench and Company as Merchandising Director. He attended Waller High School, Y. M. C. A. College, and Northwestern University Medill School of Journalism in Chicago; and Columbia University in New York. After studying journalism at Northwestern he worked for a short time as a cub reporter with the Chicago Press and the N. E. A. Service. He left the newspaper career in its budding stage to become a salesman and soon became a student of selling as one of the major professions in a free economy. He became a sales promotion manager, an advertising executive, vice president of several advertising agencies, and now at the age of forty-five is a recognized authority on the careers of salesmanship and advertising. He has been a

career-day speaker in Chicago high schools and a guest lecturer at Northwestern University.





CONSTANCE MORAN—I was born in Lake Mills, Wisconsin, with a silver pencil in my mouth no doubt, and have been drawing pictures ever since. I studied here and there in this country and in Europe. Until I became interested in illustrating books I was an advertising illustrator. The greater part of the last three years was spent producing textbook illustrations, a field in which I have become increasingly interested.



ALTA MCINTIRE—For many years my major interest as a teacher and a school supervisor has been children. Reading and telling stories to them has been a genuine pleasure. Original stories were frequently used. You can imagine my delight when I found material for a story at my own back door. A pair of robins built a nest on a stepladder on the porch of my apartment, and I was able to observe their intimate family life. Since I wished to share this experience with children the result was *Stepladder Babies*, which reports the observations through the eyes of imaginary children named Billy and Ann. The illustrations by a Chicago artist, Fiore Mastri, help children to visualize the happenings in the story. A leave of absence from my school work in the Berwyn, Illinois, public schools permitted me to spend three years in the editorial offices of the Follett Publishing Company where valuable experience was gained. Most of this time was spent working with or writing social studies materials, a field of long-time interest. A determination to continue writing in this field

was developed. Most of my writing time during the past five years has been devoted to the writing of social studies textbooks for the primary grades. An effort has been made to embody in these books the elements that appeal to children in other books, and at the same time present accurate, factual information. Teachers' guides and workbooks to accompany the books have also been prepared. Time has been found to travel in Canada, Mexico, and various sections of the United States; a trip to Europe is planned for the coming summer.



JOHN DUKES MCKEE was born in Kokomo, Indiana, on December 4, 1899. He received his education at DePauw University, The Art Institute of Chicago, and spent a year in Paris. He began his career by contributions to the old *Child Life* magazine, signs himself as Jonathan McKee, Monsieur McKee, or "mister mckee," and is a "purveyor of nostalgic americana." His wood-cut-style and water color illustrations are distinctly pre-Civil War; he is a specialist in illustrating anything requiring an authentic 19th Century atmosphere. His one man exhibit of fifty landmarks of Northern Illinois in water color has traveled throughout the Midwest; 150,000 persons have viewed it. Recently he completed a series of woodcuts of these fifty landmarks for illustrative purposes in a Service Bulletin. His works have been exhibited at the Chicago Art Institute, the Hoosier Salon, and in Philadelphia.



NOEL MCQUEEN was born in London, but migrated almost immediately to Glenview, Illinois. Before settling down to writing, his main interest was in interior decoration, making drawings, plans, and color schemes for homes. Just lately, he had a chance to use some of these abilities designing a display for a Michigan Avenue bank window. A colorful array of books and magazines, containing stories, plays, and verses by Mr. McQueen and his wife, Mildred Hark, and an interesting array of manuscripts showing the evolution of a book from the first draft to the finished product were exhibited. This book was their new story book for children, *The Good Luck Cat*. Noel thinks it possible that his first interest in things dramatic and his first impulse toward graphic description may have started on the voyage from England when he was nearly washed overboard during a

storm. However, it was some time before the results began to show. At the age of sixteen, while

Noel was attending a private academy at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, a short story of his was published in a school periodical; he also played the part of Rip Van Winkle in a school play. The performance was written up in a Philadelphia paper and people still talk about McQueen's fine acting. Noel doesn't have much to say about how good the acting was, but he does remember one line from the play after Rip woke up from his long sleep. It was, "Ooh, ouch, I must have cotched the rheumatix, a-sleeping mit the wet grass." And the fact remains he has had a touch of arthritis ever since. McQueen considers the winter of 1933 one of the high spots of his career because he was assistant stage manager for a series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. It was at this time that he met Mildred Hark. She just came from WLW, Cincinnati, and was acting in plays on NBC. Noel took to monopolizing most of Mildred's spare time, but she was writing radio plays and he had to listen to them while she wrote. In self defense he started making suggestions as to lines, plots, etcetera; and first thing he, and they, knew chronic collaboration had set in. They planned to write happily ever after and several years later were married. Two days before the wedding, they won a prize in a national short story contest; it was a new typewriter. Prizes are no novelty to them by now, since they have won two first prizes and one second in national children's play contests. The last prize was given for a family comedy, *The Homecoming*, typical of the plays they are noted for, depicting the American family. Eighteen of their plays for children have appeared in anthologies of outstanding plays. Now Hark and McQueen have had three books of their own published, *The Good Luck Cat*, a children's story book; *Special Plays for Special Days*; and *Modern Comedies for Young Players*. A fourth book of special occasion plays for children is now being prepared for publication.



LOUISE ALBRIGHT NEYHART — One day, long ago, two statesmen came to Freeport, in the northwest corner of Illinois. One statesman needed no introduction to the people; he was Senator Stephen Arnold Douglas, who was famous not only throughout this country but even abroad. A lot of folks said he was the best orator of the Fifties. The other man was Abraham Lincoln, an obscure person who had merely made a reputation for himself as a humdinger of a trial lawyer in southern Illinois. That day, August 27, 1858, marks the second joint debate in the senatorial contest between Douglas and Lincoln. Historians are agreed that it was Douglas's answer to Lincoln's famous second question that day that gave us the Freeport Doctrine and made Lincoln a national character, opening his way as a presidential candidate. This was an important story to tell boys and girls, and it seemed only right that a resident of Freeport should write it. I had that compelling urge; thus, my first book, *Henry's Lincoln*, was launched.

My parents lived in Amboy, Illinois, just long enough for me to be born there; I have lived in Freeport ever since. I attended Lake Forest College two years and then transferred to National College of Education, where I was graduated. Before I was married to Carl Neyhart, I taught in the Freeport Public Schools. Later I wrote for children's magazines. We are a family of four. Carl, who helps turn the wheels of an automobile insurance company, is an ardent fisherman and would much rather his wife could catch a good fish than write a book. Fritz, our son, is now eighteen and a freshman at Northwestern University. He has a natural flair for writing, and his mother is sure he is a potential Faulkner or Hemingway. His consuming passion, however, is public speaking and debating. He is my severest critic not only in writing but when I am scheduled to give a talk; he constantly reminds me that public speaking is an art and that I know nothing whatever about the fundamentals! Pixie, a black cocker spaniel, is the fourth member of our household. She is nine years old. We got her when she was a tiny ball of fluff. She is smart as tacks and we treat her like a duchess. She loves my writing hours, for then she can stretch out or curl up at my feet in utter contentment. The minute I put on my hat, all the wag goes out of her tail and she sulks to her bed. For me, writing for young people is based on a strong conviction that we need to correlate biographical books with our history study to stimulate interest. We need supplementary reading that will make a history text meaningful. I feel a tremendous responsibility in writing for young people. It is a wonderful challenge to stimulate good thinking. It is also a great challenge to help formulate standards of reading throughout life.





LUCILE PANNELL — Growing up in the peaceful years before the first World War was a happy experience. I have always been grateful to my parents for choosing Menomonie, Wisconsin, for a home. In early days it had been a thriving lumber center built around the curving Red Cedar River. For a short time the Knapp Stout Lumber Company holdings were the largest in the world. All that was gone by the time I arrived but the period had left its mark. Mr. Stout pioneered in education as well as lumber. We had the well established Mabel Tainter Memorial Library, a gymnasium-natorium, used by all the schools as well as the townsmen, and Stout Institute, a manual training and domestic science college, one of the first in the country, whose students did their practice teaching on the youngsters in the grades and high school. The population was around 5,000. I was far removed before I realized how much we had taken for granted in our rather unusual surroundings. There were four of us at home, I the oldest, Esther, Valeria, and (William) Bud, who arrived when I was

twelve. Summers meant Grandpa's farm, which was only a few miles from where Caddy Woodlawn had lived in an earlier day. The barn and the old log house my grandparents first lived in were still standing, occasionally used as "spares" when there were extra cows and pigs. The prairie country was hot and beautiful, and the saturday trip from home meant a ride on the ferry, always exciting. The pre-bedtime ceremony of washing our dusty, bare feet always came at the magic moment when the whip-poor-wills were wailing. Most exciting of all was hearing stories of what happened when mamma was a little girl. When September came we were back home for the beginning of school. Although a "pathological reader" — which means anyone who has a constant craving for print in any form — my average marks in school were unspectacular. The three younger members set high records, but I liked the extra-curricular subjects far better. After high school came a year at the County Teacher Training School. This was the first one established in Wisconsin and Mr. Bowman, the head, was a recognized and inspired teacher. I really learned to study there. At least a year's teaching was expected of any student and mine was spent in a crossroad's one-room affair of a type fast disappearing. The hungry "jacketed stove" in the corner had to be fed at intervals and the teacher-janitor had to sprinkle stuff on the floor and sweep each night before leaving. The eight months passed slowly because the following year I was to go to Minneapolis to school. Studying under John Seeman Garns at the Macphail School (music and dramatic art) was a rich, satisfying experience. Minneapolis was a "city," and the door to the world. I used to spell experience with a capital E. In addition to classes there were recitals to prepare for and opportunities to coach plays, fill in at the local stock company, give programs for the men at Fort Snelling, and go right from graduation to a Chautauqua summer with "The Little Players Company." The next fall I went West as a booking agent and traveled through Washington, Idaho, and Oregon. Chautauqua was dying fast, with Fords and movies and other inventions, so when the chance came to teach at a small college I took it. In Denver, the following summer, I met and married my husband. We liked the mountains but he was homesick for Illinois and the Mississippi. His nostalgia was soon banished because the post-war depression had left the Tri-Cities on the River in a bad way and it took a year to get enough funds to come to Chicago. During the Experience period I had sold books a couple of times and liked the jobs, so it was natural to apply for a Christmas job in Field's book department. My greatest thrill, and I loved every minute, was actually selling two copies of *Spoon River Anthology* to Edgar Lee Masters, a real author! A friend of mine wanted moral support and company when she went to the Chicago Public Library to apply for a job. When we came out of the building it was I who had orders from Mr. Phelan, the Head of the Branches Department, to report to Frances Rice at Lewis Institute Branch. When the junior high schools were started I was one of eight chosen to pioneer in the libraries. My school was Herzl, which had a huge enrollment of foreign born first generation students hungry for books. It was a rewarding and exhausting experience. Adah Whitcomb, our Supervisor, did a remarkable job of training the very green material she had. Most of the "girls" are still in high school libraries. When Foreman opened I worked there under Dr. Sophie Theilgaard, another piece of very good fortune for me. After the junior high schools were discontinued I free-lanced for a while and in 1943 came to Carson's and the Hobby Horse Book Shop; selling books at the world's busiest corner was like coming home. In that crossroads spot one not only had the privilege of bringing the right book to the right person but being trained by Ralph Henry. Anyone was likely to walk in the door —

new and established authors, illustrators, editors, publishers' representatives, or, just as important, the people who wanted the books they were responsible for. We needed train and pull-out books during the rationing period of the war so Mr. Henry and I devised *Chuggety-Chug*. When I sputtered to him about the difficulty of finding material no longer available he said, "Why don't you gather it?" I said, "Will you, too?" and *My American Heritage* was begun. *Holiday Round Up* came out of a similar need. When Bennet Cerf suggested the story of Chicago be written I was very pleased. We need the book badly. Whether my words can bring that bloody, gusty, tempestuous, inspired, wonderful period to life remains to be seen. In 1949 I received the Constance Lindsay Skinner award annually given by the Women's National Book Association "for merit in the realm of books." Someday I hope to feel I have earned it.



JOSEPHINE VAN DOLZEN PEASE — Being convinced that facts are fun, she has turned to writing informational books for little children, presenting in an appealing way answers to their never-ending how, whys, whens, and wheres. She takes material from such subjects as good manners, mechanics, or geography and writes exciting stories. No doubt the companionship of her father, a lumberman who took her into many states to follow the tall timber when she was a girl, stimulated her to find everything about the universe exciting. Her ancestors, most of whom were writers, musicians, teachers, and the like, must have been an inspiration to her too. She has taught school in her native state of Michigan and in Missouri, had charge of special classes of "problem" children in Gary, Indiana, and did social service work in Chicago. In addition to her books she has written magazine articles, pageants, and plays.



VERA PICKARD — Greeted with, "Have you ever taught many schools?" on her very first day in the role of a teacher made Vera Pickard conscious of her inexperience. That was in a one-room country school immediately after high school graduation. Since then she has really taught many schools, including elementary schools in Michigan; college classes in education in Illinois, Oregon, and Michigan; and has supervised early elementary schools in Anne Arundal County, Maryland, for ten years. Along the way she earned a Bachelor's Degree from The University of Chicago and a Master's Degree from Columbia. It was in courses in storytelling and writing in these institutions that she became aware of how eager young folks are to read books about other children who have had like experiences.

In 1940 she returned to her native Michigan where she had grown up in a family of seven sisters; there she first encountered problems of adjustment. Since her return she has been principal of two elementary schools in Kalamazoo. She enjoys both her teaching and writing and finds that they correlate perfectly.



ANN PISTORIUS likes to keep her readers guessing with her "What Is It?" books. Although she enjoys illustrating children's books, she entered the field quite accidentally through contact with Wilcox and Follett; she had always wanted to be a portrait painter and has done a number of children's portraits. Her father, though an architect, was also adept at water coloring. He held the theory that the best foundation for art is based on good draftsmanship, and so his children were expected to do careful drawings. Her mother, however, was a modernist and praised any kind of weird drawings they produced. In preparing her books Miss Pistorius does the illustrations first and then fills in the text. Her first book was a riddle book prepared at the request of a five-year-old niece who not only chose the riddles but also suggested the type of illustrations. Anna grew up in the

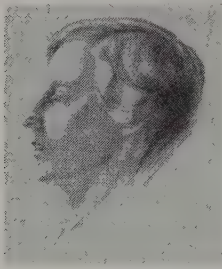
Belmont Yacht Harbor area of Chicago and spent many happy days exploring Lake Michigan with her two brothers and a sister in canoes and other craft built by her brothers; later these craft were replaced by a yawl and the explorations became more extensive. The entire family loved nature and made a hobby of collecting — everything from bugs to snakes.





ELLA WILLIAMS PORTER — I was born on a farm at Williamsburg, Iowa, soon after the turn of the century — when life was not complicated with taxes, atom bombs, and holiday deaths on the highway, ballyhooed by the radio. My parents came to this country from Wales when they were children. One family came to make a living; the other to live a happy life. I am trying to combine the ambitions of both grandfathers. My first years in the educational world were spent in a one-room rural schoolhouse, where we all drank out of the same dipper, gave the teacher dandelion bouquets, and played outside at recess without supervision. Instead of playing “house” or “dolls,” my childhood was spent in playing with the farm horses, playing school where I was the teacher, and in practicing scales on the piano. I had a hazy idea that it would be fun to be an author someday,

and I wrote hair-raising stories which I bound in cardboard to make them look like real books. But as I grew older, writing faded from my mind and I turned to music. At Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, I studied Public School Music, then embarked on a teaching career. After six years of teaching I married and went to Winslow, Arizona, to live. Our daughter, Barbara, was born there. Back in Iowa for the depression, I went around with my husband, a traveling auditor. Out of boredom with hotel rooms, my thoughts went back to writing. My husband was skeptical, but relieved that I had something to occupy my time. I wrote — and sold — stories for children. For the past fifteen summers I have been director in private camps for girls in Wisconsin, Michigan and Colorado. This experience prompted me to write *Footprints on the Sand*. During the year, I teach third grade in the Westmont, Illinois, schools; direct a Girls' Choir in Downers Grove, where we live; teach a class in Creative Writing at our adult education night school; keep house for my husband; and write. No longer am I bored!



MARGARET THOMSEN RAYMOND — I was born in Baltimore on July 4, 1900, where I spent the first four years of my childhood. The terrible fire of 1904 burned the business district to the ground, and so my father, who was a Portland, Maine, man, returned to New England to look for a job. I remember the night of the fire and seeing the terrific flames, higher than the houses which stood out black against them. When Father found a position in Boston, we moved to Newtonville, where I attended kindergarten for two happy, happy years. I still have vast and delightful memories of the town, and I believe I could walk today into the little Swedenborgian church which we attended and feel quite at home there. Father was transferred to the Philadelphia office of the General Electric Company, and after a short time we joined him and lived in Jenkintown

— on the same street, I learned many years later, as did Marguerite di Angeli! — and then, after he had bought a house in Llanerch, we moved by galloping vans across the city to our new home in this at that time very new suburb. We liked it so well that my mother still lives in that house after forty-four years; but when I was seven, and some curious wayfarer asked me, “Where do you come from, little girl?” I replied, wistfully, “Oh, I was born in Baltimore and raised everywhere.” I didn’t know until I was grown that an umbrella firm used my childish exclamation as its slogan. Whether they invented it, or I did, I shall never know. I attended grade school in Llanerch, and graduated from high school at Friends’ Select School, a private preparatory school in the heart of the city. Following my graduation, I returned to the public school in Haverford Township, where Llanerch is located, for a brief commercial course, and started earning my living first as file clerk, then as bookkeeper and typist, and in 1920 as private secretary. I saved sufficient money to attend Columbia University, where I studied under Helen R. Hull and Mabel Louise Robinson, in the extension writing courses which, I believe, they still teach. I also took courses in story-telling for children, in Teachers College, and prepared myself quite consciously as a writer for children. My first two books, *Roberta Goes Adventuring* — Volland, 1933 — and *Linnet on the Threshold* — Longmans, Green, 1930 — were begun in Dr. Robinson’s classes. I took a position as book clerk in Dutton’s retail store, and for four years studied at night and worked days, and wrote continuously. Dr. Robinson recommended me for a position as assistant editor with

the Volland Company, and I came to Joliet in the Mid-West in 1927. That spring, the former editor resigned, and I took her place as editor of the children's book publishing business with Volland's. It was while I was there that I met Edith Meyers and Jessie Van Cleve, and was, with them, one of the Charter Members of the Children's Reading Round Table of Chicago. The first of my books, *Linnet*, a story of working girls in Philadelphia, was chosen as the runner-up in the Longmans, Green contest, in which *Courageous Companions* was the winner, and was published in 1930. It was also a Literary Guild selection, and a shortened version ran in *The Portal*, a publication of the Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati at that time. One of the great helps in my writing was my close friendship with Wilma McFarland, editor of *The Portal*, who spent a great deal of time and many pages of single-spaced typing helping me to make *Linnet on the Threshold* acceptable for publication. With the mounting depression, the Volland Company stopped publication of books, and so I hopped into my little Ford and spent the summer in Colorado, where I completed a story of Mid-Western small town life during the depression. It was published in *The Classmate*, and as a book, *A Bend in the Road*. My first year's royalties were \$7.50! I have been a free-lance editor, revising the 1939 edition of *Childcraft*, and have written many articles for children's encyclopedias. I am proudest of my article on cats in the *World Book Encyclopedia*, which is illustrated with a picture of two kittens of my own, showing typical — and charming — alley cats. For the rest, I have done a great deal of textbook writing and revision on which my name never appears, and I have published stories in most of the children's magazines. Though I particularly like cats, gardening, driving about the country in a convertible roadster, and identifying birds, plants, and suchlike, I am also an inveterate reader, with a delight in Greek philosophy and poetry, world history — I've read the six volumes of Toynbee! — and serious study of literature and critical writing. In recent years I have been assistant editor at Beckley-Cardy's and in the National Research Bureau, and am at present working on some adult and juvenile writing, and trying to get out a new book for fall publication. I have moved to Burlington, which I like very much, and hope to make it my home, though I am one of those umbrella-like persons my own lips designated at seven, "Born in Baltimore, and raised everywhere."



JANE RIETVELD — Although my interest and training in art dates back to my childhood my writing career has been much more recent. During the last war I decided I'd try to write a book for children and illustrate it. My supplies and materials filled an old Gladstone bag and it traveled with my Navy husband and me to such varied places as Ohio, Virginia, Florida, Maine, and California. During this three year period I wrote and drew whenever I could, and finally the book was finished. Putting it in the mail was a rather momentous occasion, I remember, for it was the beginning of the test to see whether my ideas would become a reality. When an acceptance arrived it was a high moment in my life but when I learned that it would be a year and a half before the book would be published I had plenty of time to glide back to earth and get my feet quite firmly on the ground again. But the writing bug had bitten rather deeply and I immediately started on another book. Now I'm on my fifth one and

instead of writing becoming easier I find it more difficult, also more fascinating. The only way I can accomplish my work is to set a schedule and stick to it. My housework is down to such a science it would make most women shudder, but it's the only way I can get it behind me and enjoy the wonderful freedom of three afternoons and Wednesday all day! — to draw, write, and type. This may sound like I'm an awful beaver but I confess I can dream hours away listening to music, and the day isn't complete unless I get outside for a walk. On weekends we deliberately break all routine. My husband is an artist although his professional career is with an advertising agency. His help is invaluable and his criticisms of my drawings are always justified. I try to lure him into the writing and illustrating field with me and he says maybe someday, later on perhaps, when he retires! We live in Shorewood, a suburb of Milwaukee. I received my education at Milwaukee Teachers, Layton School of Art, Cleveland School of Art and Ogunquit School of Painters and Sculptors. Currently I go to Downer College one day a week where I'm having lots of fun painting portraits and still life in casein. My two books have been published by Viking Press; they have accepted a third, are reading a fourth, and I'm working on a fifth. The sixth is one that I've promised myself will have lots of pictures and it's going to be about a little monkey. I've already decided to call it *Monkey Island*. It's still an "idea," but like my first attempt I hope it, too, will become a reality.





CHARLEMAE ROLLINS comes from a family of educators; her mother taught in Oklahoma before it was a state and her grandfather taught for fifty years in Mississippi. For the past twenty-five years she has been a children's librarian in branches of the Chicago Public Library, the last twenty of which have been spent at the Hall Branch. Concerning her monograph, *We Build Together*, she says, "Its purposes are to present the underlying principles in guiding teachers and librarians in choosing books for young people, and to list many books now available that depict Negro life honestly and accurately and to annotate some which should be balanced by others that round out the portrait of Negro life as it is lived in America today." She has worked ardently to make others aware of the injustices done to Negro youth by seemingly thoughtless authors and illustrators who have stereotyped them as lazy, shiftless, and ignorant. Miss Rollins has served as a lecturer on children's literature at Roosevelt College since its opening in 1946, is a member of the Newbery-Caldecott award committee, and chairman of the Children's Book Committee of the National

Conference of Christians and Jews. She has contributed articles to such periodicals as *Elementary English*, *Illinois Libraries*, *Top of the News*, *Arts in Childhood*, *The Negro College Quarterly*, *Nursery Education Bulletin*, and *The University of Chicago Monograph*.



LUCILE ROSENHEIM — Statistics, even vital ones, not being the forte of the fiction writer, I would like to restrict mine to saying that I was born in New York City in 1902, moved to Chicago when I was five, and have lived either in the city or its suburbs ever since. As a matter of fact, I am such an out and out provincial that, with the exception of two children's plays written in collaboration with Louise Eppenstein, I see to it that all the characters in my books and short stories live within a radius of seventy-five miles of the Loop! Unlike many writers whose early efforts met with family resistance, I was endowed with unusually understanding and indulgent parents. They bought me ice-cream cones by the dozen for composing banal verses; rewarded me with trips to Riverview Amusement Park for doing smug essays on Tolerance, Hope, Charity, and kindred subjects; and gave me the Popocatepetl of presents for my thirteenth birthday—a Corona typewriter. But encouragement and equipment are not enough to

make a writer, I discovered after majoring in English at The University of Chicago and collecting enough rejection slips during the following years to paper a house. A compulsion to keep on working in the face of self-doubt, an obstinate refusal to accept the most patent evidence of lack of ability, and the help of an inspired teacher—in my case, Frederic Nelson Litten—proved invaluable. Then, too, I finally learned to draw upon my experiences for material. Teaching dancing furnished ideas and incidents for articles in *Hygeia* and *Parents' Magazine*; working in a bookstore provided pieces for the *Retail Bookseller*; and short stories, based directly or indirectly upon characters and situations drawn from relationships with friends, acquaintances, my husband, daughter, and son sold to *Redbook*, *Common Ground*, *The American Family*, and others. Then came the real miracle. Julian Messner, Inc., wanted a career-story about a school-teacher, and my agent suggested that I write it. So I read books, interviewed my many good friends in the teaching profession, and used my own fifteen years experience handling children in the dancing classes. And so *Kathie, the New Teacher* was born. Writing it proved to me that teen-age novels was what I wanted most to do; so I spent the next two years working on *The Dancing Heart*, the story of a young girl's struggle to adjust to living in a small town with an aunt who has no sympathy with her yearning to be a professional dancer. Both books deal with the emotional and psychological problems of the young people of today, for to me those problems are of paramount importance. And it is my earnest hope that these books, and any others I write, will help our young people to understand themselves and each other, so that in a world fraught with social and political tensions they may become effective and courageous members of society.



ELOISE RUE—I was born in Illinois and I have spent all but three years and some vacations in the state. The desire to be a librarian began when, at seventeen, interest in both cataloging and children's books was aroused by the college librarian of what is now Bradley University. My first library degree was acquired at the University of Michigan, and the second at The University of Chicago. There was also a year of graduate study in library service at Western Reserve University in Cleveland and one year spent on the faculty of the University of Missouri. Public libraries at Peoria, Cleveland, and River Forest helped me maintain my interest in children's books. For many years I served school and children's libraries in Evanston, especially in the field of appropriate cataloging of children's books. It was because of my work there in centralized analytical cataloging that I was asked to compile the subject indexes, the first of which appeared in 1938. Later I became a consulting editor for the *World Book*

*Encyclopedia*, which position I held in 1946 when a department of library science was to be organized at the Chicago Teachers College expressly to train teacher-librarians for the expanding elementary-library program in Chicago. The editorial experience was not my first in commercial work, as I had once been in charge of the order department of the Book Store in Chautauqua, New York, for three summer months during my college days. My early ideas of a career vacillated between the desire to be a French teacher and that of being a secretary to the president of the United States. The latter idea developed the year our shorthand team traveled to the state contest. Should I major in business administration or political science in college? The choice was the broad field of social sciences, especially history. Those vacations? Since the Chautauqua days they've been far between. Two were in Florida and Cuba, one in Mexico, and another one in the West where teaching at Arizona State College for ten weeks was varied with side trips to Los Angeles, Tucson, and the Grand Canyon. Oh, yes, I love meeting nationwide friends at conventions occasionally. Particularly memorable was one in New Orleans during the midst of depression years and another in Denver followed by a trip through Yellowstone by sight-seeing bus. My favorite pastime in summer is gardening and in winter an antidote for overwork is an occasional ballet or opera. People and books are my main interest and I hope to contribute to both teachers' and children's love of them, but am aware also of the enrichment filmstrips, radio, and other aids can furnish to help make education an enjoyable process.



FLORA C. RUE—In New Jersey, at the turn of the century, Flora Clark was writing stories for her older sister to use in her work of teaching first grade. A few years later she was holding her other sister's two little girls spellbound with original stories. They suggested the topics and stories were shortly forthcoming. As the years advanced and she moved to the Middle West, where her own four children were born, she found this same technique still popular. Although she had little time to prepare material for publication, she did write short stories and rhymes on everyday subjects for a children's magazine. One of the rhymes most popular with the children began, "There is a place called cookie-town, Where mother is the queen." This and several others were gathered together in

a booklet she herself illustrated and published for her eldest daughter in 1911. Besides the storytelling activities Flora Rue was able to play her own accompaniments, since she had been a voice student. Many an hour in the early evening the family spent around the piano, and guests often joined them. After the family moved to a suburb of Chicago, she wrote both short and continued stories for the local weekly newspaper in lieu of paying for the subscription. This she did for about ten years, most of the tales being for children. She also wrote stories for the Children's Page and articles for the Woman's Page of the *Christian Science Monitor*. For about five years she conducted a travel column in *American Childhood* entitled "Blackboard Journeys" and also wrote stories, articles, and puzzle pictures for this national monthly. In 1941 *From Barter to Money* was published as one of the intermediate grade Uni-Texts in the *Basic Social Education Series* by Row, Peterson. In 1945 Albert Whitman published *The Cocoa Dancer*, a tale of the West Indies. She says the idea came to her while searching for background information for a "Blackboard Journey" to the West Indies. Recent illness has prevented her from writing, but she has a new story planned for tiny tots with the enchanting title, *How Many Mittens Make a Mile?*





ALTA HALVERSON SEYMOUR—My father came to this country from Norway when he was thirteen. My mother's people were early settlers in Wisconsin. And I was born in the little village of Deer Park, in northern Wisconsin. Everybody in the Halverson family liked to read. My older sisters taught me, and I struggled through my first book at five. From then on, I was a bookworm. I liked to make up stories too, and before long was spinning yarns to order for my little brother and sister. Some of those first stories are still favorites with nephews and nieces and now with a small grandson. When I was ten we went to California, and as we moved about considerably and I changed schools often, I was sometimes pushed ahead a bit. The result of this was that I was finishing the eighth grade when I was eleven. By this time we were homesick for Wisconsin. My father bought a busy and prosperous store in a little town where there was no high school. There was a country school, however, with about fifty pupils and one teacher. Fortunately

she was young and energetic, and she agreed to give me lessons in algebra, Latin, and ancient history after school. I, in turn, was delighted to be allowed to help her with the younger pupils. My spare time I employed agreeably by writing stories in the margins and blank pages of my books. The next year I was sent away to Iowa where my uncle was dean of a small college which also had a preparatory department. I enjoyed this tremendously and looked forward to the time when I would be ready for real college work. But my family returned to California, and I was sent to business college. At first I was employed by private firms, but by the time I was twenty-one I had established my own thriving public stenographic office, doing court reporting and manuscripts, letters, and circulars. I kept myself and my staff very busy. But I still longed to go to college, so in a few years I sold my business and returned to the Middle West to attend the University of Minnesota, entering as a special student as I had not completed formal high school work. However, before long I was admitted as a regular student and completed the course for my Bachelor's Degree in two years and a quarter by studying hard and earning a good share of my expense by typing. In the second year I was much pleased to find I had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and also some honorary writing and literature fraternities. I was encouraged by my good friend and teacher, Mary Ellen Chase, to continue and get a Master's Degree, which I did. In spite of working hard and fast, I had time for plenty of fun. I made many good friends, but by far the best of all, I met my husband there, and that led to a very happy life together. We have a grown daughter and a small and lively grandson. I keep regular office hours at my home in Oak Park. Besides many short stories, serials, and articles, I have written four operettas and seven books for young people, and am now at work upon another. Some of my books have been Junior Literary Guild selections and two are being published in England. Others have been selected by smaller book clubs, and one has been purchased for television. Some have appeared in Braille. Sometimes I write articles for adults, but I like best to write for boys and girls. I enjoy my contacts with them and the letters I get. I like to give them books with plenty of action and adventure. But I want to give them more than that—a feeling of history in the making, of comradeship with boys and girls who have problems and feelings much like their own, even though they may live in other countries or even in other periods of history. I want them to have a rousing good story, and I want very much to give them something that will enrich their backgrounds as favorite childhood books did for me.

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR—Flora Warren Seymour was born in Cleveland, Ohio. She received her A. B. degree at George Washington University in 1906; LL.B. at Washington College of Law in 1915; and LL.M. at Kent College of Law, Chicago, in 1916. She married George Steel Seymour on July 3, 1915. In 1915 she was admitted to the District of Columbia bar; in 1916 to the Illinois bar; and in 1919 to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. She became a member of the United States Board of Indian Commissioners in 1922; was editor of *Quest* magazine from 1908-1912; and was associate editor of the *Woman Lawyer's Journal* in 1918. During 1916-1917 she was President of the Bureau of Volunteer Social Service. She was a member of the Women's Committee of the Illinois State Council of Defense, 1917-1918; a delegate of the National Council of Women in 1917 and 1919; a member of the American Bar Association, D. A. R., Society of Midland Authors, Order of Bookfellows—co-organizer and clerk, Oregon Historical Society, Colorado Historical Society, and the Chicago Historical Society. Deceased.



JUDITH S. SHOISKY — I did not see the nine wonders of the world, but before my eyes passed an almost complete panorama of several decaying civilizations. I witnessed a great pageantry of events, peoples of different nationalities, cultures, and customs. In the Nineties my father, a pharmacist, after being banished for his political beliefs from the North Caucasus, took my mother on a perilous trek across the Caucasian crest of glaciers and eternally snow-clad peaks to Tiflis, the capitol of Georgia. I was soon born in the delightful country of grapes and wine which was described as an Elysium for the departed souls in the hieroglyphics on the walls of the tomb of King Tut-Ak-Man. Baku, on the Caspian Sea, where I received my early schooling was a fabulously rich Mohammedan oil center, with all seasonal opera and drama. It has also survived several cultures: remnants of Zoroastrians with henna-painted palms and beards — the fire-worshippers and their temple; palaces of Persian kings with

underground dungeons. Oriental oppression and corruption lived side by side with glitter and pomp. Though in high school I preferred literature and history, it was dentistry I chose in Odessa-on-the-Black-Sea. Later I continued the study of literature at the College of Literature and History at Petrograd and Baku. After interesting years of study of dentistry, I returned home with a shiny diploma and a zest to practice among Turkish, Persian, and Armenian town-dwellers and nomadic Mongolians of Central Asia. I travelled to Bukhara and Samarkand with its Moorish edifices, its Mosaic tombs of Tamerlane of 13th Century era. I practiced in Merv, once Queen of the Ancient world, through whose bazaars passed Marco Polo on his travels to China. Here, in this great oasis of the desert and rippling sands, the ancient civilization of Seljuks mingled with the growing industry of cotton. War and revolution came. We migrated to the United States. After a long, rough crossing on the Atlantic, one foggy January evening we stopped before the highest wall I had ever seen. Myriads of lights dazzled in the distance. It was amazing. It was New York. My first night in the New World was sleepless and full of exhilaration which I have never experienced since. The noise of horns, the screech of rails, three-storied system of transportation — subway, streetcar, and elevated trains, all seem inconceivable. Chicago was my next destination where I was to enter the University of Illinois Dental School to receive my American diploma and license to practice. New surroundings and this new language were a challenge to me. After graduation I married Adam Petrovich Shouisky, an editor. The following year Igor, our son, was born. He is now a musician. For the last eighteen years I have practiced dentistry in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Meanwhile I continued my English classes. In 1942 I joined the North Shore Creative Writers' Group in Highland Park where I met Mrs. Ruth McGibeny with whom I collaborated on the book *Ali of Baku*. I am happy that I could bring a message from my former home to the American youth about the oppressed people and the Mohammedan world. A book of poetry, in Russian, *My Asia*, was published in 1946.



EUNICE YOUNG SMITH — As a child I knew I had to make pictures. And surely no child knows why. Poetry, fairy tales, any beauty of picture or word transported me quite literally out of this world. I recall when I was just a little thing saying to my mother, "I know how to write stories. You do it this way...." "Ah ha," said the giant grabbing the princess around the neck. "You will escape me will you!" And then the princess wept and said...." And I went on to tell my mother a story using the direct narrative method. So you see the seed was there, only needing nurturing. But back in those days such seeds were not assiduously nourished. No one said to me, "Sit down and write your thoughts. It is worth while. Take paper and draw your imaginary pictures." Especially not to girls. It was better to learn more practical things. But, and not strangely, I did not learn the practical things very well. Nor was I a good student. My brothers and sister were all smart in school. I was definitely a problem. They went to college and sailed through with honor.

I went for a short time and failed miserably. I was romantic, a dreamer, a misfit. I wrote poetry and made pictures, whole books sometimes, but I can't remember ever showing them to anyone in particular. I know my parents must have been aware that my time was largely spent this



way, along with avid reading. They were most tolerant and forebearing, I think even approving insofar as they comprehended the queer duckling that had been born to them. The only outstanding records I made in school were in art and English, and here too I must say in spite of my honest efforts to improve in the other subjects. When I finished high school my mother, conscientiously and more than a little perplexed, procured a drawing teacher from whom I learned some fundamentals of drawing. They were scanty indeed. I do not think I had more than half a dozen lessons. Then I went away to college where I think I flunked or nearly flunked everything but art and English. The only remarkable thing that happened to me away at school, a convent college, was that I was required to read aloud to the dean a bulky love letter from a lad at Prairie Du Chien which had arrived at my school with four cents postage due. I came home from college deflated, inconsequent; unprepared for anything; more romantic, dream ridden, bewildered than ever. I fell in love and out of love with the seasons. I wrote endless poems and stories and made pictures secretly, terribly ashamed of the fact that that was all I really wanted to do. I got jobs here and there and the days and the years slipped by with only the sure golden thread of destiny woven thinly in and out to hold the pattern of existence cohesive. Through the turbulent young maturing years the persistent urge for expression took form in romantic affairs of the heart, the seeking always for the beautiful and the perfect—one sure sign of the still immature viewpoint. When I was twenty-four I married. When our first baby, Chad, was only a few months old, we moved to Chicago where we lived for about six months. Then we moved to South Bend, Indiana, where my husband joined the Bendix Company as a research engineer. South Bend was less congested and hurried than Chicago and with the purchase of a little house self-expression was satisfyingly translated into decorating and furnishing and growing trees and flowers and shrubs. My ingenious husband undertook the building or rebuilding of several houses during these years along with his work at the plant; and along with my chores as a wife, mother of our new baby, and cook and bottle washer I undertook to help him, doing all the decorating, even the outside painting, and helping in whatever capacity I could with all the other jobs entailed in such undertakings. We had a big garden every year and I canned hundreds of jars of fruit and vegetables. I made all the children's clothes and my own during these years for what with all our spare money going into fixing up houses you can imagine there wasn't much to squander on furbelows for our backs. Also you can imagine there wasn't too much time to spend on painting pictures, or writing stories. I think I got an assuaging satisfaction from the innumerable books I read to the children. But all through these too busy years there was the little golden thread. At Christmas time I made our greeting cards, and then gradually came to make designs for our friends. I taught Sharon, our daughter, how to draw, for she seemed bent on learning. And I joined a poetry club and wrote some poems and had a few published. I also wrote some articles, about children, that were accepted. I set my old typewriter and easel up in the dining room because there was no other room in the house available, and then for weeks on end we ate in the kitchen and the family stepped over and around the mess in the middle of the house and were very forebearing about the frequency of beans for dinner. But life was just too hectic to permit of sufficient dream time. Also I found my strength was not nearly as extensive as my wish and will to do. I could not cover the exigencies of everyday living and have energy left for creative productivity. I had to wait . . . and wait. I knew the time would come. Once a friend said to me when she had surveyed some of my drawings, "What a crime that your talent should be wasted." And I said, "Oh, it isn't wasted. One day it will be used I'm sure." But I didn't know when or how. I couldn't see the way the future would take. And it was a strange way when the time was come, I but a pawn on the chess board. We had moved to the country in 1941 and built a house on a hill. The children were in school all day and my husband at work all day, and all day—because at that time I hadn't been able to procure a telephone—I knew quiet, and serenity, and a peace unspeakable. I drank in the far view out over our valley and hugged my isolation and daydreamed to the point of intoxication. There were times when I resented any intrusion into this arcadia. But Destiny, relentless lady, had a vicious intrusion planned. Surely one I could never have arranged. I do not know why that particular Christmas Chad gave me as a gift a set of oil paints. I had never done any work in oils, not even attempted it, nor to my knowledge expressed a desire to do so. But there were the oils under the Christmas tree and there was a little boy whose faith and whose gift could not be diminished by indifference. So I set about making use of the oil paints. My husband erected an easel for me, a big one, and I got books at the library and some brushes and a palette and set about maneuvering oil onto canvas. I painted more or less successfully all that winter, and the next summer. And then in the fall when the children started to school again something

happened. I had two hundred dollars of my own, a gift from my brother, and although there were no less than a thousand places where I desired greatly to spend that money, a conviction came to me that I had to go to Chicago and study how to be an oil painter. On the very face of it the whole concept is ridiculous. Why at this time should I feel I had to become an oil painter? How could I possibly do it on two hundred dollars? And what possibly could it lead to if I did become an oil painter? And what would all my family and friends say to my galivanting off and leaving my husband and children for such a scatterbrained undertaking? And what about the husband and the children??? Oh, there were so many logical, sound reasons for my not doing such a thing. Everything against it and not one good reason for it. I wept packing my trunk. I put every garment into my suitcase with heartache and foreboding and reluctance. Getting ready to go to Chicago that time looms in my memory with most startling outlines. I didn't want to go. But I had to. By a circuitous route of events I ended up at a publishers, and learned everything of value from that school; and made invaluable contacts; and came home six months later to do my first illustrations for a children's book..... Since then I have worked steadily and happily doing the work I suppose I was cut out to do all along. I have written and illustrated three books and have done the illustrations for some half dozen others. I am working now on the illustrations for two books to come out next fall. Sharon is a young lady and attending Miami University, and Chad has finished college and is serving in the armed forces. Right now my major concern is keeping from working so hard I bring on an attack of arthritis, in which event I can't work at all. So often people want to know the extent of my formal art training. I would like to make this most honest statement apropos of that subject. The only training I have received of any consequence at all has been from the good teacher Curiosity, and I hope she will continue to teach me to the end of my days.



ELIZABETH STEWART — I was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, September 1, 1907, three months after my father, who was a lawyer, had died. My family moved to Texas where my eldest sister taught in a preparatory school. Later we spent four years in Kansas while my other sister attended college. When I was ten we moved to Indianapolis and made our home with my mother's bachelor brother. Uncle Charlie was one of those very special uncles made exclusively for ten-year-old girls. He knew how to do things, how to explain things, how one should feel about things all the way from arithmetic to the sad little girl in the Elsie Dinsmore books. His laughter was hearty, his philosophy simple: "Everything matters a little but nothing matters very much." To him I owe some of my most profound convictions, including that of the fallacy of talking down to a child. On graduating from Shortridge High School in Indianapolis I took the College Board examinations and on them won a competitive Pulitzer

scholarship at Barnard College in New York. I arrived on the campus a little starry-eyed, but I was soon disillusioned. It was not at all like college life as depicted by Hollywood film writers. I began to mark off the days on the calendar. Looking back, I can't quite say how it happened, but almost without my knowing it I had made some wonderful friends and had begun to appreciate the objective kind of hard sense education Barnard offered. I majored in English and graduated in 1929. I was interested in doing work that had a tangible social value. I returned to Indianapolis and became Staff Associate of The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. Some time later the organization moved — I with it — to Washington where I remained until the project was completed. Then I went to New York and took a position as secretary of the Spanish Department in Columbia University. I wanted to get into the publishing business, but so did a few thousand other people in New York. At last I returned to Indianapolis for a vacation; I felt that the publishers who had been interviewing me about jobs needed a rest! That summer I did some reading at home for The Bobbs-Merrill Company, which led to my joining their staff as Associate Editor and manuscript scout. After my son, Robert, was born in 1941, I discontinued professional work for a few years. Later, back in New York, I did free lance work for Twentieth Century Fox films, *Parents' Magazine*, and *Pocket Books*, until I became an editor for Henry Holt and Company. When I moved to Chicago and took up the duties of Editor of The Reilly and Lee Company, my work had a satisfying scope. In addition to the regular list for adults, I worked on the recent Oz books, the Bobby and the Old Professor series, the Jimmy Microbe books, and other juveniles. In September, 1950, I joined the editorial staff of Scott Foresman and Company and began work on their New Basic Language Program for Elementary Schools.





GUDRUN THORNE-THOMSEN was born in Norway in 1873 and came to America in 1888. She attended the Cook County Normal School, now the Chicago Teachers College, and taught there from 1892 to 1900 under the famous Colonel Francis Wayland Parker. She taught at The University of Chicago as Supervisor from kindergarten to and including the sixth grade, and in addition taught Children's Literature to the college students, from 1900 to 1913. From 1913-1923 she taught fourth grade in the Francis W. Parker School; from 1923-1936 she was principal of the Ojai Valley School in California. Since her retirement she has lectured and told stories in almost all of the states except in the South and has made records of stories for the RCA Victor Division. Her autobiography is to be published soon by the Viking Press.



RUTH CROMER WEIR — All I have to do to obtain a reaction on a book is open my door. Soon there are sixty-three eager young listeners and critics collected at my house — with a great assortment of velocipedes and pets of various sizes and descriptions. I live on a suburban dead-end street which has reared several generations of young people. As soon as the children in a family grow up the adults seek more convenient and quieter locations, and new boys and girls come to take the places of the older ones. There is never a dull moment. Recently sensitive parents, afraid that their children would get the reputation of the "Dead-End Kids," had the sign at the entrance to our street changed to "No Exit." The sign has a special significance for me. I think that I would never wish to be without the sound of eager young voices, the noise and the clutter of "bikes" and wagons, and the confusion of pets and more pets. I was born in Union, Iowa, and was graduated from the University of Iowa, becoming a professional writer. I first began to write for young people to help keep up

with my own son's demands for more books. Soon I found that writing for adults held for me few of the thrills of writing stories for boys and girls. Now I shall never want to return to writing for older people.



PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY — I was born in Yokohama, Japan, of American parents. We lived in Japan, China, and the Philippines until I was fifteen years old, when we came to the United States. After some three years in Berkeley, California, and San Antonio, Texas, we moved to Chicago where I was graduated from McKinley High School. I wrote short stories for some years before entering the book field. I was Children's Book Editor of the *Chicago Sun* from 1942-1946, and of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* from 1946-1948; reviewed girls' books for *Senior Prom*, 1950; and am now reviewing for *Children's Digest*. I taught juvenile writing at Northwestern University in 1945 and am now teaching the same subject at New York University. Some of my students are breaking into print with stories and books, and I feel as proud as if I'd written them myself! I have one daughter, Georgia Garner, who was sixteen last year. She reads all my stories and not only criticizes them very frankly, but also gives me ideas when I get into difficult plotting tangles. Her main interest is in art and I am hoping that one of these days she will illustrate my

books. In 1943 the Friends of Literature in Chicago presented me with an award for contributions to children's literature. In 1947 I won the \$3,500 prize in the Youth Today Contest with *Willow Hill*. But I don't think the check for that ever looked as big as did the \$35 for the first story I ever sold — to the *Chicago Daily News*. Young people often ask me if I write about "real people" in my books. In a sense I do, because I use a bit of this person I've met and a bit of that one. I'm sure Taffy in *Mystery of the Gulls* has a lot of my own daughter in her, and I'm sure a little of me got into her mother. But the sum total is not usually exactly like it is in real life. On the other hand, I do like to use settings and backgrounds for my stories just about as they are.

Georgia and I spent a vacation on Mackinac Island and rode about it on bikes, the way Taffy does. She drew sketches to help me remember the places, while I made notes — and the final result was the background for *Mystery of the Gulls*. Some time ago I worked in a department store in Chicago, so I was able to use that department story background in a couple of books. *The Island of Dark Woods* is based on the very real Staten Island, where I now live.

HERBERT S. ZIM was born in New York on July 12, 1909. He was a student at the College of the City of New York from 1927-1929, and received his B. S., M. A., and Ph. D. degrees from Columbia University. His wife, Sonia Elizabeth Bleeker, is an author of children's books; they have two sons — Aldwin Herbert and Roger Spencer. Dr. Zim has been Educational Consultant for the United States Fish and Wildlife Service since 1947, and is a member of the College of Education at the University of Illinois. In addition to his many nature books for children, he has contributed numerous articles to professional journals and popular magazines. His informative science books are especially appealing to boys and girls because of their unusual clarity and charming style.



NAOMI ZIMMERMAN was born in St. Louis in 1914 and attended Washington University there. She received her Master's Degree from The University of Chicago in psychiatric social work. After many years of experience in this field, working closely with psychiatrists and psychologists in the leading child guidance clinics of Chicago, she entered the field of juvenile writing. She believes that books for the pre-school child could play a significant role in shaping the personalities of the citizens of tomorrow and that no one should attempt to write for children unless he understands them and appreciates the child's point of view. Her series of stories was planned with the idea of being helpful to both the parents and the child in dealing with some of those everyday situations which so often give rise to friction. The aim was to make more meaningful and attractive to the child some of the realistic demands with which he is daily confronted and to indicate to the parent a sound approach. *The Party Dress* was written to forestall the error of over-stressing cleanliness;

*Timothy-Tick-Tock* attempts to make the entire concept of time more understandable to the child; *The Sleepy Forest* offers a mood and atmosphere conducive to relaxation and sleep; *The Newcomer* gives the child who is confronted with the problem of rivalry a feeling of sympathetic understanding and inner fortification; and *The Sleepy Village*, through its compelling sounds and rhythm, helps a child make the transition from the excitement of the day to a state of quiet tranquility preparatory for sleep.

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		Cost	Age Level
Adams, Pauline Batchelder — Illustrator			
Good Friends	Childrens Press, 1946	.10	4-5
Child's Dictionary (MacBean)	Childrens Press, 1946	.10	4-5
Read With Me (Krum)	Childrens Press, 1947	1.00	4-7
Football Trees (Kohler)	Childrens Press, 1948	.25	6
These Are Busy Days	John Martin's House, 1950	.25	6
Adshead, Gladys L. — Author			
Casco, the Little Seal	Oxford, 1943	\$1.50	7-10
What Miranda Knew	Oxford, 1944	1.50	6-9
Seventeen to Sing	Oxford, 1947	2.50	4-10
An Inheritance of Poetry (Annis Duff, Collaborator)	Houghton, 1948	4.00	All ages
Aldis, Dorothy — Author			
Cindy	Putnam, 1942	2.00	6-10
Dark Summer	Putnam, 1947	2.25	12-16
Miss Quinn's Secret	Putnam, 1949	2.50	8-12
Lucky Year	Rand, 1951	2.50	8-12
Aronin, Ben — Author			
Cavern of Destiny	Behrmans, 1943	1.75	14
New Mother Goose Rhymes	Remington-Morse, 1943	2.00	3-9
Mother Goose and Father Gander	Remington-Morse, 1946	2.00	4-10
Hayim Pumpernickel (in Hebrew)	United Synagogue of America, 1948	1.50	12-16
Jolly Jingles for the Jewish Child	Behrmans, 1949	1.75	4-9
Bible Tales in Rhyme	Goodman Brothers, 1951	1.75	7-12
Bailey, Bernadine — Author			
Little Lauri of Finland	Grosset, 1940	.60	8 +
Abe Lincoln's Other Mother	Messner, 1941	2.75	12 +
The Youngest WAC	} Messner, 1942, 1943	2.00	12 +
The Youngest WAC Overseas		2.00	
The Youngest WAC Comes Home		2.00	
Picture Book of Illinois	Albert Whitman, 1949	1.00	8 +
Florida		1.00	8 +
Massachusetts		1.00	8 +
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Picture Book of Texas	Albert Whitman, 1950	1.00	8 +
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Colorado		1.00	8 +
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Picture Book of Indiana	Albert Whitman, 1951	1.00	8 +
Michigan		1.00	8 +
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Bannon, Laura — Author and Illustrator			
Pepper Moon (Wood), il.	Longmans, 1940	2.00	7-10
Tortilla Girl (McElravy), il.	Albert Whitman, 1946	1.25	7-10
The Cousins (Anderson), il.	Augustana, 1946	1.50	8-10
Rogue Reynard (Norton), il.	Houghton, 1947	2.50	13-17
Gregorio and the White Llama	Albert Whitman, 1944	2.00	8-10
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Patty Paints a Picture	Albert Whitman, 1946	2.00	7-9
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Watchdog	Albert Whitman, 1948	2.50	7-9
Billy and the Bear	Houghton, 1949	2.50	7-10
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Barr, Jene — Author			
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Little Circus Dog	Albert Whitman, 1949	1.00	5-7
Little Prairie Dog	Albert Whitman, 1949	1.00	5-7
Texas Pete, Little Cowboy	Albert Whitman, 1950	1.00	5-7
Surprise for Nancy	Albert Whitman, 1950	1.00	5-7
Barrows, Marjorie — Author			
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Pulitzer Prize Poems	Random, 1941	2.50	14-18
Let's Fly to Bermuda	Albert Whitman, 1942	1.50	6-9
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Waggles	Rand, 1945	.75	4-8
The Family Reader, An Anthology	Consolidated Books, 1946	3.50	14-18
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The Children's Treasury, An Anthology (2 volumes)	Consolidated Books, 1947	5.95	4-8
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The Indoor Play Book	Halcyon, 1949	2.00	14-18
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	Garden City, 1950	1.00	4-8
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Happy Times in Czechoslovakia	Knopf, 1940	2.50	4-10
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Happy Times in Finland	Knopf, 1941	2.50	8-14
Beaty, John Y. — Author			
Sharp Ears, The Story of a Baby Whale	Lippincott, 1940	2.50	14
Nature Is Stranger Than Fiction	Lippincott, 1941	2.50	15
Animals through the Year	Rand, 1941	2.00	12
The River Book	Beckley, 1942	1.00	12
Luther Burbank, Plant Magician	Messner, 1943	2.75	15
The Mountain Book	Beckley, 1943	1.00	12
The Ocean Book	Beckley, 1946	1.00	14
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Runner for the King	Follett, 1944	2.00	8-12
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Farmer Collins (Kohler)	Childrens Press, 1946	.25	5-8
Martin and Abraham Lincoln (Coblentz)	Childrens Press, 1947	1.00	8-11
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Taffy's Foal	Houghton, 1949	2.25	9-12
Ride 'Em, Peggy	Houghton, 1950	2.25	8-12
Wild Horse Island	Houghton, 1951	2.00	7-12



Biers, Clarence — Illustrator			
Cocky: The Little Helicopter (Alden)	Rand, 1943	.60	4-8
Jo Jo (Barrows)	Rand, 1944	.75	4-8
Waggles (Barrows)	Rand, 1945	.75	4-8
Pudgy: The Little Black Bear (Barrows)	Rand, 1948	.75	4-8
Scamper (Barrows)	Rand, 1949	.75	4-8
Tut! Tut! Tales (Barrows)	Garden City, 1950	1.00	4-8
Fuzzy Dan	Whitman, 1951	.15	4-8
Blackstock, Josephine — Author			
Wings for Nikias	Putnam, 1942	2.50	8-12
Island on the Beam	Putnam, 1944	3.00	10-14
Youth Replies I Can	Knopf, 1945	2.50	8-12
Rue Plays the Game	Putnam, 1947	3.00	12-17
Bleeker, Sonia — Author			
Indians of the Longhouse	Morrow, 1950	2.00	8-14
The Apache Indians	Morrow, 1951	2.00	8-14
The Sea Hunters	Morrow, 1951	2.00	8-14
Bontemps, Arna — Author			
Golden Slippers	Harper, 1941	2.50	10-14
The Fast Sooner Hound (Jack Conroy, Collaborator)	Houghton, 1942	2.50	7-12
We Have Tomorrow	Houghton, 1945	2.50	10-14
Slappy Hooper: The Wonderful Sign Painter (Jack Conroy, Collaborator)	Houghton, 1946	2.00	7-12
Story of the Negro	Knopf, 1948	3.00	10-14
Sam Patch: The High, Wide and Handsome Jumper (Jack Conroy, Collaborator)	Houghton, 1951	2.00	7-12
Chariot in the Sky	Winston, 1951	2.50	10-14
Bro, Margueritte Harmon — Author			
Let's Talk About You	Doubleday, 1945	1.50	14-17
Sarah	Doubleday, 1949	2.50	16 +
Su-Mei's Golden Year	Doubleday, 1950	2.50	10 +
Bryant, Bernice — Author			
Yammy Buys a Bicycle	Albert Whitman, 1940	1.75	7-12
Pedie and the Twins	Albert Whitman, 1942	1.00	3-6
Future Perfect	Bobbs, 1944	2.00	10-14
God's Wonder World	Bethany, 1944	1.25	6-10
Trudy Terrill, Eighth Grader	Bobbs, 1946	2.00	10-14
Everybody Likes Butch	Childrens Press, 1947	.25	3-6
Trudy Terrill, High Freshman	Bobbs, 1948	2.00	10-14
Misbehavior	Bobbs, 1948	2.50	12-18
Fancy Free	Bobbs, 1949	2.50	12-18
Follow the Leader	Houghton, 1950	1.25	3-6
Burroughs, Margaret Taylor — Author and Illustrator			
Jasper, The Drummin' Boy	Viking, 1947	1.50	7-11
Campbell, Sam — Author			
How's Inky	Bobbs, 1943	1.75	10 +
Too Much Salt and Pepper	Bobbs, 1944	2.00	10 +
Eeny Meeny Miney Mo and Stillmo	Bobbs, 1945	2.00	10 +
A Tippy Canoe and Canada Too	Bobbs, 1946	2.50	10 +
On Wings of Cheer	Bobbs, 1948	2.50	10 +
Moose Country	Bobbs, 1950	2.50	10 +

Caudill, Rebecca — Author			
Barrie and Daughter	Viking, 1943	2.00	13-17
Happy Little Family	Winston, 1947	2.00	4-9
Tree of Freedom	Viking, 1949	2.50	13-16
Schoolhouse in the Woods	Viking, 1949	2.00	4-9
Up and Down the River	Winston, 1951	2.00	4-9
Cavanah, Frances — Author			
Told Under the Christmas Tree	Grosset, 1941	1.00	6-12
Marta Finds the Golden Door	Grosset, 1941	1.00	8-12
Louis of New Orleans	McKay, 1941	1.00	7-11
Pedro of Santa Fe	McKay, 1941	1.00	7-11
The Happy Giraffe	Wilcox & Follett, 1944	1.00	3-6
Private Pepper of Dogs for Defense (Ruth Cromer Weir, Collaborator)	Albert Whitman, 1944	1.25	8-12
Our Country's Story	Rand, 1945	2.50	7-11
	Cadmus, 1949		
Sandy of San Francisco	McKay, 1946	1.00	7-11
Benjy of Boston	McKay, 1946	1.00	7-11
Private Pepper Comes Home (Ruth Cromer Weir, Collaborator)	Albert Whitman, 1946	1.25	8-12
A Treasury of Dog Stories (Ruth Cromer Weir, Collaborator)	Rand, 1947	2.50	10 +
24 Horses (Ruth Cromer Weir, Collaborator)	Rand, 1947	2.50	10 +
Favorite Christmas Stories	Grosset, 1948	1.00	6-12
Holiday Round Up (Lucile Pannell, Collaborator)	Macrae, 1950	3.00	9 +
Abraham Lincoln	Row, Peterson, 1950	2.48	9-13
George Washington	Row, Peterson, 1950	2.48	9-13
Ceder, Georgiana Dorcas — Author			
Ya-Ya	Abingdon, 1947	1.50	6-8
Ethan the Shepherd Boy	Abingdon, 1948	2.00	8-12
Ann of Bethany	Abingdon, 1951	2.00	8-12
Cederborg, Hazel Paris — Author			
Bunny Polka Dot	Saalfeld, 1947	.60	4-7
The Little Red Wagon	Rand, 1950	.15	4-7
Chisholm, Christine L. — Illustrator			
Pilot on the River (Miner)	Albert Whitman, 1940	2.00	8-11
A Holiday Story Sampler (Conover)	Albert Whitman, 1941	2.00	8-11
Step-Along and Jerry Jake (Justus)	Albert Whitman, 1942	2.00	8-11
Pedie and the Twins (Bryant)	Albert Whitman, 1942	2.00	8-11
Jerry Jake Carries On (Justus)	Albert Whitman, 1943	2.00	8-11
Banjo Billy and Mr. Bones (Justus)	Albert Whitman, 1944	2.00	8-11
Lizzie (Justus)	Albert Whitman, 1944	2.00	8-11
Fiddler's Fair (Justus)	Albert Whitman, 1945	2.00	8-11
Hurrah for Jerry Jake (Justus)	Albert Whitman, 1945	2.00	8-11
Sammy (Justus)	Albert Whitman, 1946	2.00	8-11
Susie (Justus)	Albert Whitman, 1947	2.00	8-11
Conroy, Jack and Arna Bontemps — Authors			
The Fast Sooner Hound	Houghton, 1942	2.50	5-10
Slappy Hooper: The Wonderful Sign Painter	Houghton, 1946	2.00	7-12
Sam Patch: The High Wide and Handsome Jumper	Houghton, 1951	2.00	7-12
Dawson, Mitchell — Author			
The Magic Firecrackers	Viking, 1949	2.50	7-12



Donahey, Mary Dickerson — Author			
Apple Pie Inn	Crowell, 1942	2.00	8-12
Castle of Grumpy Grouch	Jonathan Cape, London, 1943		
Mystery in the Pines	Random, 1948	2.00	8-10
	Hutchinson's, London, 1950		12-16
Donahey, William — Author			
Teenie Weenie Town	McGraw, 1942	1.50	4 +
Teenie Weenie Days	McGraw, 1944	1.50	4 +
Teenie Weenie Neighbors	McGraw, 1945	1.50	4 +
Douglas, Emily Taft — Author			
Apple Seed Farm	Abingdon, 1948	1.50	8-12
Du Jardin, Rosamond — Author			
Practically Seventeen	Lippincott, 1949	2.50	12 +
Wait for Marcy	Lippincott, 1950	2.50	12 +
Class Ring	Lippincott, 1951	2.50	12 +
Elms, Francis Raymond — Author			
Rivers of the World	Albert Whitman, 1940	2.00	10
Mountains of the World	Albert Whitman, 1941	2.00	10
Our United States — How It Grew	Albert Whitman, 1942	2.00	9
Builders of Our Nation	Albert Whitman, 1943	2.00	10
Stories of Neighbor Nations	Albert Whitman, 1947	2.00	9
Emery, Anne McGuigan — Author			
Tradition	Vanguard, 1946	2.50	12-16
Bright Horizons	Putnam, 1947	2.50	11-14
Mountain Laurel	Putnam, 1948	2.50	12-16
Senior Year	Westminster, 1949	2.50	12-16
Going Steady	Westminster, 1950	2.50	12-16
Eppenstein, Louise — Author			
Sally Goes Traveling Alone	Platt, 1947	.75	5-8
Faulkner, Georgene — Author			
Melindy's Medal	Messner, 1945	2.00	8-12
(John Becker, Collaborator)			
Melindy's Happy Summer	Messner, 1949	2.50	10-14
Fisher, Lois J. — Author and Illustrator			
Cartooning for Fun and Profit	Wilcox & Follett, 1945	1.50	All ages
You and the United Nations	Childrens Press, 1947	.60	10 +
You and the Consitution of the	Childrens Press, 1948	1.50	10 +
United States (Kohler and Witty), il.			
You and Atomic Energy (Lewellen), il.	Childrens Press, 1949	1.50	10 +
Bill and His Neighbors	Houghton Mifflin, 1950	1.75	10-14
Lets Look Ahead (Sherman), il.	Childrens Press, 1950	1.00	5-8
You and Democracy (Gordon), il.	Dutton, 1951	1.50	10 +
Foster, Genevieve — Author and Illustrator			
George Washington's World	Scribner, 1941	3.50	11 +
Abraham Lincoln's World	Scribner, 1944	3.50	11 +
Augustus Caesar's World	Scribner, 1947	3.50	11 +
George Washington, An Initial	Scribner, 1949	2.00	9
Biography			
Abraham Lincoln, An Initial	Scribner, 1950	2.00	9
Biography			

Friend, Esther — Illustrator			
The Happy Book (Pease)	Rand, 1942	2.00	3-6
This Is the World (Pease)	Rand, 1944	2.50	4-9
It seems Like Magic (Pease)	Rand, 1946	2.50	4-9
Mother Goose	Rand, 1947	.25	3-5
What Happened to George (Engebretson)	Rand, 1947	1.25	4-10
The Great Big Noise (Weir)	Wilcox & Follett, 1948	1.00	4-8
The Night Before Christmas (Moore)	Wilcox & Follett, 1949	1.00	4-8
Friskey, Margaret Richards — Author			
Seven Diving Ducks	McKay, 1940	1.00	4-7
Surprise on Wheels	Albert Whitman, 1940	1.00	4-7
Wings Over the Woodshed	Albert Whitman, 1941	1.00	4-7
Today We Fly	Albert Whitman, 1941	1.00	4-7
Three Smart Squirrels	McKay, 1942	1.00	4-7
Grandfather Frog, the Busy Loafer	McKay, 1943	1.00	4-7
Annie and the Wooden Skates	Oxford, 1943	1.75	8-9
Tad Lincoln and the Green Umbrella	Oxford, 1944	1.75	8-9
Scuttlebutt Books	Follett, 1944-1945	1.00	4-7
Adventure for Beginners	Follett, 1945	1.00	4-7
Chicken Little Count to Ten	Childrens Press, 1946	1.00	4-7
Johnny and the Monarch	Childrens Press, 1946	1.00	4-7
Shoe for My Pony	Childrens Press, 1950	1.00	4-7
Adventure Begins at Home	Childrens Press, 1946	2.00	10-12
Gehr, Mary — Illustrator			
The Newcomer (Zimmerman)	Ziff-Davis, 1945	1.00	2-6
The Story of the Sandman (Mallon)	Childrens, 1945	1.00	2-6
The Gingerbread Boy (Mallon)	Childrens, 1946	1.00	2-6
The Story of the Man in the Moon (Mallon)	Childrens, 1946	1.00	2-6
Snoopy (Mallon)	Childrens, 1945	1.00	2-6
My First Mother Goose (Watkins)	Wilcox & Follett, 1946	.60	2-6
First Picture Word Book	Whitman, 1950	.25	2-6
Together We Sing (Wolfe and Fullerton)	Follett, 1950	1.50	6-12
Little Tweet	Whitman, 1951	.25	2-7
Fluffy and Bluffy (Dalton)	Childrens Press, 1951	1.00	2-7
Gottschalk, Fruma — Author			
The Runaway Soldier	Knopf, 1946	2.50	6-9
The Youngest General, A Story of LaFayette	Knopf, 1949	2.50	10-14
Grant, Bruce — Author			
Eagle of the Sea	Rand, 1949	2.50	7-15
Leather Braiding	Cornell, 1950	3.00	All ages
The Cowboy Encyclopedia	Rand, 1951	2.75	All ages
Gridley, Marion E. — Author			
Pocahontas	Rand, 1940		4-8
Indians of Yesterday	Donahue, 1941	2.00	9-14
Hiawatha	Rand, 1950	.25	5-8
Hark, Mildred and Noel McQueen — Authors			
Special Plays for Special Days	Plays, 1947	3.00	9-14
The Good Luck Cat	Medill McBride, 1950	2.50	7-11
Modern Comedies for Young Players	Plays, 1951	3.50	12-17
Harshaw, Ruth and Dilla W. MacBean — Authors			
What Book Is That?	Macmillan, 1948	1.50	8-14



# Henry, Marguerite — Author

Auno and Tauno	Albert Whitman, 1940	1.25	6-10
Dilly Dally Sally	Saalfeld, 1940	.25	4-8
Eight Pictured Geographies —	Albert Whitman, 1941	.50 ea.	8-14
Alaska, Argentina, Brazil, Canada,			
Chile, Mexico, Panama, West Indies			
Geraldine Belinda	Platt, 1942	1.25	3-8
Birds At Home	Donohue, 1943	1.50	8-12
Their First Igloo	Albert Whitman, 1943	1.25	6-10
(Barbara True, Collaborator)			
A Boy and a Dog	Wilcox & Follett, 1944	1.00	7-11
The Little Fellow	Winston, 1945	2.00	3-8
Justin Morgan Had a Horse	Wilcox & Follett, 1945	2.75	7-12
Robert Fulton, Boy Craftsman	Bobbs, 1945	1.50	8-12
Eight Pictured Geographies —	Albert Whitman, 1946	.75 ea.	8-14
Australia, Bahamas, Bermuda, British			
Honduras, Dominican Republic, Hawaii,			
New Zealand, Virgin Islands			
Benjamin West and His Cat Grimalkin	Bobbs, 1947	2.50	9 +
Always Reddy	Whittlesey, 1947	1.75	8 +
Misty of Chincoteague	Rand, 1947	2.75	7-14
King of the Wind	Rand, 1948	2.75	7-14
Sea Star: Orphan of Chincoteague	Rand, 1949	2.75	7-14
Little-Or-Nothing from Nottingham	Whittlesey, 1949	2.00	7-12
Born to Trot	Rand, 1950	2.75	8-16

# Henry, Ralph — Author and Compiler

Chuggety-Chug	Wilcox & Follett, 1944	.25	2-4
(Lucile Pannell, Collaborator)			
My American Heritage	Rand, 1949	3.00	8
(Lucile Pannell, Collaborator)			

# Heron, Frances Dunlap — Author

The Busy Berrys	Friendship, 1950	1.75	9-12
With My Whole Heart	Westminster, 1950	.65	5-8

# Hetherington, Mildred Lyon — Illustrator

My Dog Lucky (W. F. and Helen Hall)	Beckley, 1940	1.25	6-10
A Book About Me	Dodge, 1944		5-7
Patsy — A Cutout Book	Children Press, 1946	.10	5-8
The Girl Who Ran for President (Kerr)	Nelson, 1947	2.75	11-16

# Hungerford, Edward Buell — Author

Fighting Frigate	Wilcox & Follett, 1947	2.50	10-15
Emergency Run	Wilcox & Follett, 1948	2.50	10-15
Escape to Danger	Wilcox & Follett, 1949	2.50	10-15
Forbidden Island	Wilcox & Follett, 1950	2.50	10-15

# Jones, Elizabeth Orton — Author and Illustrator

Maminka's Children	Macmillan, 1940	3.00	61-0
Twig	Macmillan, 1942	2.00	10-12
The Peddler's Clock (Hunt), il.	Grosset, 1943	.50	
Small Rain (Jessie O. Jones), il.	Viking, 1943	2.00	4-10
What Miranda Knew (Adshead), il.	Oxford, 1944	1.50	6-9
Prayer for a Child (Field), il.	Macmillan, 1944	1.50	4-8
A Prayer for Little Things (Farjeon), il.	Houghton, 1945	1.00	4-8
Secrets (Jessie O. Jones), il.	Viking, 1945	2.00	4-10
A Little Child (Jessie O. Jones), il.	Viking, 1946	2.00	4-10
Pageant Text (Jessie O. Jones), il.	Viking, 1946	.50	4-10
Little Red Riding Hood,	Simon, 1947	.25	4-8
A Little Golden Book			
Big Susan	Macmillan, 1947	2.00	8-10

Jones, Jessie Orton — Author			
Small Rain	Viking, 1943	2.00	4-10
Secrets	Viking, 1945	2.00	4-10
A Little Child	Viking, 1946	2.00	4-10
Pageant Text of a Little Child	Viking, 1946	.50	4-10
Many Mansions	Viking, 1947	3.00	10-16
Jones, Mary Alice — Author			
Prayers for Little Children	Rand, 1949	.15	3-5
	Reprint		
The Ten Commandments	Rand, 1941	.15	5-8
Tell Me About God	Rand, 1943	2.00	3-7
Tell Me About Jesus	Rand, 1944	2.00	4-9
Tell Me About the Bible	Rand, 1945	2.00	6-10
The Bible Story of the Creation	Rand, 1946	1.25	8 +
Jesus and His Friends	Rand, 1947	1.25	6-12
Tell Me About Prayer	Rand, 1948	2.00	6-10
Bible Stories for Little Children	Rand, 1949	.15	4-8
His Name Was Jesus	Rand, 1950	2.50	8-16
Judson, Clara Ingram — Author			
Boat Builder, The Story of Robert Fulton	Scribner, 1940	2.50	10-14
People Who Come to Our House	Rand, 1941	1.00	8-12
Railway Engineer, The Story of George Stephenson	Scribner, 1941	2.00	10-14
People Who Work Near Our House	Rand, 1942	1.00	8-12
They Came from Sweden	Houghton, 1942	2.50	10-14
Soldier Doctor, The Story of William Gorgas	Scribner, 1942	2.50	10-15
People Who Work in the Country and in the City	Rand, 1943	2.00	8-12
Donald MacKay, The Story of Clipper Ships	Scribner, 1943	2.00	10-15
They Came from France	Houghton, 1943	2.50	10-14
They Came from Scotland	Houghton, 1944	2.50	10-14
Petar's Treasure, They Came from Dalmatia	Houghton, 1945	2.50	10-14
Michael's Victory, They Came from Ireland	Houghton, 1946	2.50	10-14
The Lost Violin, They Came from Bohemia	Houghton, 1947	2.50	10-14
Summer Time	Broadman, 1948	1.00	5-8
Reaper Man, The Story of Cyrus McCormick	Houghton, 1948	2.50	10-15
John Jacob Astor, Real Life Series	Row, Peterson, 1949 } Series		10-14
James Jerome Hill, Real Life Series	Row, Peterson, 1949 } Only		10-14
The Green Ginger Jar	Houghton, 1949	2.50	10-14
Abraham Lincoln, Friend of the People	Wilcox and Follett, 1950	3.00	10 +
George Washington, Leader of the People	Wilcox and Follett, 1951	3.00	10 +
City Neighbor, The Story of Jane Addams	Scribner, 1951	2.50	10-15
Kerr, Laura — Author			
Dr. Elizabeth	Nelson, 1946	2.50	12-16
The Girl Who Ran for President	Nelson, 1948	2.75	12-16
Kiser, Martha Gwinn — Author			
Sylvia Sings of Apples	Longmans, 1945	2.50	12-16
Rosanna	Longmans, 1947	2.50	12-16
Gay Melody	Longmans, 1949	2.50	12-16
Rainbow for Me	Random, 1948	2.50	8-12
Sunshine for Merrily	Random, 1949	2.50	8-12
Roses for Bonny Belle	Random, 1950	2.50	8-12
The Wishing Starrs	Westminster, 1950	2.50	8-14



Kjelgaard, Jim — Author				
Forest Patrol	Holiday, 1941	2.50	11-16	
Rebel Siege	Holiday, 1943	2.50	11-16	
Big Red	Holiday, 1945	2.50	11-16	
Buckskin Brigade	Holiday, 1947	2.50	11-16	
Snow Dog	Holiday, 1948	2.50	11-16	
Kalak	Holiday, 1948	2.50	11-16	
Nose for Trouble	Holiday, 1949	2.50	11-16	
Wild Trek	Holiday, 1950	2.50	11-16	
Irish	Holiday, 1951	2.50	11-16	
The Explorations of Pere Marquette	Holiday, 1951	2.50	11-16	
Kohler, Julilly H. — Author				
Farmer Collins	Childrens Press, 1947	.25	2-4	
Football Trees	Childrens Press, 1947	.25	2-4	
You and the Constitution of the United States (Paul Witty, Collaborator)	Childrens Press, 1948	1.50	10-14	
Daniel in the Cub Scout Den	Aladdin, 1951	2.50	9-12	
Krehbiel, Becky — Author and Illustrator				
Tall-Enough Tommy	Childrens Press, 1948	1.00	3-5	
Roses for Bonney Bell (Kiser), il.	Random, 1950	2.50	8-12	
Lawrence, Isabelle — Author				
The Gift of the Golden Cup	Bobbs, 1946	2.50	10-14	
The Theft of the Golden Ring	Bobbs, 1948	2.50	10-14	
Two for the Show	Bobbs, 1949	2.50	10-14	
Litten, Frederic Nelson — Author				
Transatlantic Pilot	Dodd, 1940	2.00	14-16	
Pilot of the High Andes	Dodd, 1941	2.00	14-18	
Air Mission to Algiers	Dodd, 1943	2.00	14-18	
Airmen of the Amazon	Dodd, 1942	2.00	12 +	
Sinister Island Squadron	Dodd, 1944	2.00	12-17	
Rendezvous on Mindanao	Dodd, 1945	2.00	12-15	
Kingdom of Flying Men	Westminster, 1947	2.00	12-17	
Treasure Bayou	Westminster, 1949	2.50	13-15	
Code of a Champion	Westminster, 1950	2.50	12-17	
Air Mission Red	Rand, 1951	2.50	14-18	
MacBean, Dilla W. — Author				
Picture Book Dictionary	Childrens Press, 1946	.10	4-7	
What Book Is That? (Ruth H. Harshaw, Collaborator)	Macmillan, 1948	1.50	3-9	
MacGregor, Ellen — Author				
Tommy and the Telephone	Albert Whitman, 1947	1.25	4-7	
Mastri, Fiore — Illustrator				
Runner for the King (Bennett)	Follett, 1944	2.00	8-12	
Flying With Ronnie (Eaton)	Consolidated			
The Wonderful Train Ride (Weir)	Rand, 1947	.25	5-9	
The Wonderful Plane Ride (Weir)	Rand, 1949	.25	5-9	
The Cowboy Encyclopedia (Grant)	Rand, 1951	2.75	All ages	
Meeks, Esther K. — Author				
The Little Red Car	Wilcox & Follett, 1945	1.00	3-7	
One Is the Engine	Wilcox & Follett, 1947	1.00	4-8	
Cinderella, A Retelling	Wilcox & Follett, 1948	.50	4-8	
Fireman Casey and Fireboat 999	Wilcox & Follett, 1949	1.00	4-8	
Playland Pony	Wilcox & Follett, 1950	1.00	3-7	

Mitchell, Helen — Author			
Ships That Made U. S. History	Whittlesey, 1950	2.50	10 +
Moe, Virginia — Author			
Animal Inn	Houghton, 1946	2.75	8-80
Moore, Robert E. — Author			
Man Alive	Harper, 1947	3.00	14-21
The Human Side of Selling	Harper, 1951	3.95	14-21
Moran, Constance O. — Illustrator			
Jobie (Garrett)	Messner, 1942	2.25	6 +
When Esther Was a Little Girl (White)	Houghton, 1944	2.00	6-10
Chips (Thorne)	Winston, 1944	1.50	4-8
The Antique Cat (Bradbury)	Winston, 1945	2.00	5-8
Cats and More Cats	Wilcox & Follett, 1945	1.00	4-8
Away Went Tippy (Osgood)	Wilcox & Follett, 1947	1.00	5-9
Steam Shovel Family (Eberle)	McKay, 1948	2.00	6-10
McIntire, Alta — Author			
Stepladder Babies	Wilcox & Follett, 1946	.50	5-9
McKee, John Dukes — Illustrator			
My American Heritage (Henry and Pannell)	Rand, 1949	3.00	All ages
McQueen, Noel and Mildred Hark — Authors			
Special Plays for Special Days	Plays, 1947	3.00	9-14
The Good Luck Cat	Medill McBride, 1950	2.50	7-11
Modern Comedies for Young Players	Plays, 1951	3.50	12-17
Neyhart, Louise Albright — Author			
Henry's Lincoln	Holiday, 1945	1.50	8 +
Henry Ford, Engineer	Houghton, 1950	2.75	12-17
Pannell, Lucile — Author and Compiler			
Chuggety-Chug (Ralph B. Henry, Collaborator)	Wilcox & Follett, 1944	.25	2-4
My American Heritage (Ralph B. Henry, Collaborator)	Rand, 1949	3.00	8
A Holiday Round Up (Frances Cavanah, Collaborator)	Macrae, 1950	3.00	9-13
Pease, Josephine Van Dolzen — Author			
We Love America	Rand, 1940	.15	6-8
The Children That Lived In a Shoe	Rand, 1942, 1950, 1951	.25	4-6
The Happy Book	Rand, 1942	2.00	4-8
One Two, Cock-A-Doodle-Do	Rand, 1943, 1950	.25	5-8
This Is the World	Rand, 1944	2.50	4-8
Fun With Letters from A to Z	Rand, 1944	.15	5-8
It Seems Like Magic	Rand, 1946	2.50	8-10
Pickard, Vera — Author			
Mr. Hobbs Can Fix It	Abingdon, 1948	1.50	6-9
Pistorius, Anna — Author and Illustrator			
What Is It?	Wilcox & Follett, 1944	1.25	6-10
What Bird Is It?	Wilcox & Follett, 1946	1.25	6-10
What Animal Is It?	Wilcox & Follett, 1948	1.25	6-10
What Butterfly Is It?	Wilcox & Follett, 1949	1.25	6-10
What Wild Flower Is It?	Wilcox & Follett, 1950	1.25	6-10
What Dog Is It?	Wilcox & Follett, 1951	1.50	6-10



Porter, Ella Williams — Author			
Sandra Kendall of the 4-H	Dodd, 1942	2.00	12-17
Footprints on the Sand	Macmillan, 1949	2.50	10-14
The Wind's in the West	Macmillan, 1950	2.50	12-16
Raymond, Margaret Thomsen — Author			
Skylark	Dodd, 1940	2.00	12-16
Prairie Dog Town	Dodd, 1942	1.50	6-10
Rietveld, Jane — Author and Illustrator			
Nicky's Bugle	Viking, 1947	2.00	7-10
Rocky Point Campers	Viking, 1950	2.00	7-10
Rollins, Charlemae — Compiler			
We Build Together	National Council of Teachers of English, 1948	.65	All ages
Rosenheim, Lucile — Author			
Kathie, The New Teacher	Messner, 1949	2.50	12-17
The Dancing Heart	Messner, 1951	2.50	11-15
Rue, Eloise — Compiler			
Subject Index to Books for Intermediate Grades, First Supplement	A. L. A., 1943 •	2.50	9-11
Subject Index to Books for Intermediate Grades, Second Edition	A. L. A., 1950	6.00	9-11
Subject Index to Books for Primary Grades	A. L. A., 1943 }	3.00	6-8
First Supplement	A. L. A., 1946 }		
America, Past and Present	Wilson, 1948	.75	10-13
Rue, Flora C. —			
The Cocoa Dancer	Albert Whitman, 1945	1.25	8
Seymour, Alta Halverson — Author			
On the Edge of the Fjord	Westminster, 1944	2.00	10-15
Galewood Crossing	Westminster, 1945	2.00	10-15
The Tangled Skein	Westminster, 1946	2.00	10-15
A Grandma for Christmas	Westminster, 1946	1.00	6-10
At Snug Harbor Inn	Westminster, 1948	2.50	10-15
The Secret of the Hidden Room	Westminster, 1949	2.50	10-15
Seymour, Flora Warren — Author (Deceased)			
Bird Girl: Sacagawea	Bobbs, 1945	1.75	
Pocahontas: Brave Girl	Bobbs, 1946	1.75	
Shouisky, Judith S. — Author			
Ali of Baku (Ruth McGibney, Collaborator)	Crowell, 1949	2.50	10 +
Smith, Eunice Young — Author and Illustrator			
The Children's Treasury, An Anthology	Consolidated, 1947	5.95	3-8
Il. two of the stories			
Little Folks' Merry Christmas Book (Bailey), Il.	Albert Whitman, 1948	1.25	4-9
Merry Songs (Gomez), Il.	Wilcox & Follett, 1949	1.60	4-7
The Jennifer Wish	Bobbs, 1949	2.50	8-12
The Jennifer Gift	Bobbs, 1950	2.50	8-12
Moppet	Albert Whitman, 1950	1.50	3-7
Stewart, Elizabeth — Author			
Billy Buys a Dog	Reilly & Lee, 1950	2.00	6-7

Thorne-Thomsen, Gudrun		
East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon	Row, Peterson, 1946	1.25 5-10
Sky Bed	Scribner's, 1944	1.00 6-10
In Norway	Viking, 1946	3.00 14 +
Weir, Ruth Cromer — Author		
Private Pepper of Dogs for Defense (Frances Cavanah, Collaborator)	Albert Whitman, 1943	1.25 8-12
Private Pepper Comes Home (Frances Cavanah, Collaborator)	Albert Whitman, 1945	1.25 8-12
A Treasury of Dog Stories (Frances Cavanah, Collaborator)	Rand, 1947	2.50 8 +
Rags, An Orphan of the Storm	Wilcox & Follett, 1947	.50 5-9
The Wonderful Train Ride	Rand, 1947	.25 5-9
The Great Big Noise	Wilcox & Follett, 1948	1.00 6-8
The Wonderful Plane Ride	Rand, 1949	.25 5-9
24 Horses (Frances Cavanah, Collaborator)	Rand, 1950	2.50 8 +
Whitney, Phyllis A. — Author		
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A Window for Julie	Houghton, 1943	2.50 12-16
The Silver Inkwell	Houghton, 1945	2.50 12-16
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Zim, Herbert S. — Author		
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Zimmerman, Naoma — Author and Illustrator		
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 What Butterfly Is It? Anna Pistorius  
 What Dog Is It? Anna Pistorius  
 What Happened to George (Engebretson), Esther Friend, il.  
 What Is It? Anna Pistorius  
 What Miranda Knew, Gladys L. Adshead; Elizabeth Orton Jones, il.  
 What Wild Flower Is It? Anna Pistorius  
 When Esther Was a Little Girl (White), Constance O. Moran, il.  
 Wild Horse Island, Elisa Bialk  
 Wild Trek, Jim Kjelgaard  
 Willow Hill, Phyllis A. Whitney  
 Window for Julie, Phyllis A. Whitney  
 Wind's in the West, Ella Williams Porter  
 Wings for Nikias, Josephine Blackstock  
 Wings Over the Woodshed, Margaret Richards Friskey  
 Wishing Starrs, Martha Gwinn Kiser  
 With My Whole Heart, Frances Dunlap Heron  
 Wonderful Plane Ride, Ruth Cromer Weir; Fiore Mastri, il.  
 Wonderful Train Ride, Ruth Cromer Weir; Fiore Mastri, il.  
 Ya-Ya, Georgiana Dorcas Ceder  
 Yummy Buys a Bicycle, Bernice Bryant  
 You and Atomic Energy (Lewellen), Lois J. Fisher, il.  
 You and Democracy (Gordon), Lois J. Fisher, il.  
 You and the Constitution of the United States, Julilly H. Kohler and Paul Witty; Lois J. Fisher, il.  
 You and the United Nations, Lois J. Fisher  
 Youngest General, A Story of LaFayette, Fruma Gottschalk  
 Youngest WAC, Bernadine Bailey  
 Youngest WAC Comes Home, Bernadine Bailey  
 Youngest WAC Overseas, Bernadine Bailey  
 Youth Replies I Can, Josephine Blackstock

## PUBLISHERS INDEX

Abingdon-Cokesbury Press	810 Broadway	Nashville 2, Tennessee
Aladdin Books	554 Madison Avenue	New York 22, New York
American Library Association	50 E. Huron Street	Chicago 11, Illinois
Augustana Book Concern		Rock Island, Illinois
Beckley and Cardy Company	1632 S. Indiana Avenue	Chicago 16, Illinois
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Bobbs-Merrill Company	724 N. Meridian Street	Indianapolis, Indiana
Broadman Press	127 9th Avenue, North	Nashville, Tennessee
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Children's Company—defunct		
Childrens Press, Inc.	36 S. Throop Street	Chicago 7, Illinois
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Cornell Maritime Press	Box 386	Cambridge, Maryland
Thomas Y. Crowell and Company	432 4th Avenue	New York 16, New York
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Dodge—See Medill McBride		
M. A. Donohue Company	711 S. Dearborn Street	Chicago 5, Illinois
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Garden City Publishing Company, Inc.	75 Franklin Street	Garden City, New York
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Macmillan Company	60 5th Avenue	New York 11, New York
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Medill McBride Company	200 E. 37th Street	New York 16, New York
McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.	330 W. 42nd Street	New York 18, New York
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Vanguard Press, Inc.	424 Madison Avenue	New York 17, New York
Viking Press	18 E. 48th Street	New York 17, New York
Westminster Press	Witherspoon Building	Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania
Albert Whitman and Company	560 W. Lake Street	Chicago 6, Illinois
Whitman Publishing Company	1220 Mound Street	Racine, Wisconsin
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Wilcox and Follett Publishing Company	1255 S. Wabash Avenue	Chicago 5, Illinois
H. W. Wilson Company	950 University Avenue	New York 52, New York
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Ziff-Davis — Prentice-Hall, Inc.	70 5th Avenue	New York 11, New York

*The assemblage of typewriters, pens, pencils, ink and paint bottles, library date stamps, and various volumes shown on the front cover simulate one of Chicagoland's favorite landmarks. It indicates some of the tangibles with which authors and illustrators build as surely as architects, engineers, and contractors. The Watertower survived the fire of 1871. Books, too, endure; they symbolize our time and will outlive us.*



